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A

GOLDEN MIRROUR.

CONTEINING

CERTAINE PITHIE AND FIGURATIVE VISIONS
PROGNOSTICATING GOOD FORTUNE TO ENGLAND, AND ALL TRUE ENGLISH SUBJECTES,
WITH AN OVERTHROWE TO THE ENEMIES.

WHERETO BE ADJOYNED CERTAINE PRETIE POEMES WRITTEN ON THE NAMES OF
SUNDRIE BOTH NOBLE AND WORSHIPFULL.

BY RICHARD ROBINSON,
OF ALTON.

REPRINTED FROM THE ONLY KNOWN COPY OF THE ORIGINAL EDITION OF 1589
IN THE BRITISH MUSEUM,

WITH AN INTRODUCTION AND NOTES

BY

THE REV. THOMAS CORSER, M.A., F.S.A.,
RURAL DEAN, RECTOR OF STAND, LANCASHIRE, AND VICAR OF NORTON,
NORTHAMPTONSHIRE.

PRINTED FOR THE CHETHAM SOCIETY.
M.DCCC.LI.

MANCHESTER:
PRINTED BY T. SOWLER, ST. ANN'S SQUARE.

INTRODUCTION.

AS Cheshire forms one of the Counties within the peculiar province of the Chetham Society, the Editor has been induced to undertake the reprinting of a work, consisting of poetical addresses to many of its by-gone proprietors, the representatives of some of its ancient families in the time of Elizabeth. An attentive examination of the volume induced him to believe that many others besides himself would derive gratification from its perusal and possession: some from local affection and associations, and others from their attachment to early English poetry and literature. To each of these, this volume will have its attractions: for though the lines are occasionally rough, unmeasured, and uncouth, there is much strength in the expressions, and a high tone of morality and religion pervades the whole: and in the terms which are used, and in the construction adopted, will be found objects of interest

to those, who are fond of tracing the progress of our language at a period when it was moulding itself into form, and approaching to the vigour of its maturity.

Richard Robinson, the author of these "pithie and figuratiue Visions," is merely called by Proctor, their purchaser and publisher, "a Gentleman of the North Countrey," but whatever may have been the county that gave him birth, of which we have no positive or direct evidence, it is quite clear from that contained in the work itself, that Cheshire was that part of the North, with which the author was more immediately connected; for almost all the poems are "rare inuentions pend vpon the Ethimologie of the names, of diuers worthy personages inhabiting the gentle natured countrey and Countie of Chester," whom he commends for various good qualities and virtues, with a feeling of partiality and affection not usually exhibited towards any district, with which the eulogist does not happen to have some close personal connexion. And as he generally uses the term "countrey" for county, it is probable that he means to limit his expression to Cheshire, when he desires his reader, to "iudge upon the sense, if hee haue knowledge to vnderstand me, according to my good and faythfull meaning to my Countrey." About the name of the Author of these Visions there is no doubt, though Proctor does not mention it, and he himself does not subscribe it to his "Epistle to the gentle Reader," for he is twice addressed as Robinson in "the last Dreame that Morpheus did showe vnto" him; and the initials of the lines of "The Authours name in Verdict" disclose to us

the letters RICHARD ROBINSON OF ALTON. Mr. Hawkins is of opinion that by Alton is probably intended Halton in Cheshire, and that it is not unlikely that the scene of the second poem in this volume was laid in that neighbourhood; at least the Author's description of the scenery agrees well with that of Halton Castle, which is situated upon the loftiest eminence of that district, overlooking a rich and well wooded country, and commanding most extensive and beautiful prospects:—

> "And I myselfe then weary of my booke,
> To be partaker of the pleasant ayre:
> Into a forrest fast by the way I tooke,
> Wherein my sight, did hautie hills appeare:
> And rocky towers, did scale the loftie skyes,
> Whom underneath, deepe dales and dymbles lyes."

The Editor, however, is more inclined to think that the place here intended, is Alton in Staffordshire, which, standing upon the summit of a lofty hill, overhanging the deep valley of the Churnet, and commanding wide and extended views over the surrounding country, equally well accords with the description of the scenery alluded to in the poem. He is not aware that Halton in Cheshire, even from the earliest period to the present, is ever seen written without the initial letter H; whilst the Author's connexion with the noble family of the Talbots, the ancient possessors of the Manor and Castle of Alton in Staffordshire, and from whence they were accustomed to draw their retainers, would seem to render it more than probable that he was a native of this place. Unfortunately the Editor has not been able

to verify this conjecture by any direct evidence, the Parochial Registers at Alton not commencing till 1681, although the name of Robinson occurs frequently in the same. Search has also been made for his will, but equally without effect. So that whether he was a native of Cheshire or Staffordshire, or what were the peculiar circumstances which brought him into contact with the particular families in Cheshire alluded to by the Poet, and which it appears were all allied to each other by marriage or otherwise, must, he fears, be left after all to conjecture. Of Robinson's biography little also is known, or probably can be collected beyond the inferences drawn from this volume. From another of his publications, we learn that he was a servant in the household of the Earl of Shrewsbury, and that he took his turn in holding watch and ward over the unfortunate and captive Queen of Scots, who was under the Earl's custody from 1568 to 1584. This metrical work, entitled "*The Rewarde of Wickednesse, discoursing the sundrye monstrous abuses of wicked and ungodly Worldelings*," 4to. 1573, he dates from his "chamber in Sheffield castle, The xix of Maie, 1574," and he informs us that it was composed to beguile the time during the dreary hours of keeping guard. He mentions this as being his *second* publication, but what was the title or nature of the first he does not state, and therefore we can only conjecture. But the Editor thinks it not improbable that his first work was "*The ruefull Tragedie of Hemidos and Thelay*," the license for printing of which was granted to Henry Bynneman in 1569-70.—See Collier's *Extracts from the Reg. Stat. Comp.* v. 1, p. 220.—

The Editor has in his possession a small fragment of this work, consisting of four leaves only, printed in bl. lett., forming part of sheet L, in eights, the running title of which is "The tragedie of Hemydos and Thela." It is in rhyme, and the characters introduced in this part are Thares and Cilo. As no other copy of this drama is known, the curious reader will perhaps pardon a short extract from this rarity.

"And see eche houre, how some full low
  aboue the cloudes doth ryse.
Yet sodaine ioy, doth neuer come,
  but sorrow hath bene before,
Els sorrow from ioy had not beene knowen,
  nor ioy from sorrowes lore.
Without experience who is wyse,
  and understanding too
Which giues the light, in things obscure,
  to proue them fals or true.
And specially with him that's wyse
  and worldly trades doth know,
His measured head, in such affayres,
  the end doth wel foreshow.
Aduersitye, nor troublesome dayes,
  thoughe nigh the hart they sit,
Yet wysedome can, long raynes prouide,
  to ease the narrow byt.
Why thus you see, by dayly use
  the Heauens, the earth and wynde,
Doth varrye from their former state
  that nature hath assinde.
And suffereth dayly great outrage,
  and stormes that troubleth sore,

And yet in time, the furye slakes,
  and God doth rest restore.
Sometime the skyes, great fyerye flames
  unto the earth doth send,
With thondering clouds, and stormes of snowe,
  our Sūmers fruite to spend.
And raging rayne, that fluds makes wild
  the soyle to ouer flow,
With blustering blastes, that gagged makes
  the woods that greene did grow
And wynter cold, at whom doth shryncke
  all things that life doth beare,
That for to lyue, and scape the death
  almost they do dispayre.
And yet at last, comes Sommer fresh,
  and eche thing maketh glad,
That erst to lyue, this world within,
  both care and sorrow had.
Thus God doth giue, and also take,
  none can disspose but hee,
Whose iudgement from, and mighty dome,
  none quicke, nor dead can flee.
For why, you know, if fortune should
  stand alway in one stey,
The world it selfe, and all things els,
  you know would soone decay."

In 1587 "*The Golden Mirrour*" was purchased by Proctor, who does not appear to have had any personal acquaintance with the Author, as he merely states of him, that he "understood him to be a gentleman of the north country," and it was probably either very near or after

Robinson's death that these Poems were sold to the publisher, for the concluding lines of the volume declare that he was then advanced in years, labouring under infirmity, and hastening to his end.

"My dayes I see, are vayne on earth, my time doth steale away,
My youth is past, and age drawes neare, my health doth still decay.
My lennow limmes grow dry and stiffe, my bones be full of payne,
My former pleasures workes me woe, I chaunge to dust againe."

This Richard Robinson must not be confounded with another person of the same name, living at the same period, who was also the author of several productions in prose and verse. The latter was a "free citizen" of London, where he constantly resided, and appears to have supported himself by translating various treatises from the Latin and other tongues, to which were prefixed dedications to several eminent characters in Church or State, from whom he calculated on receiving handsome largesses in return, a mode of literary reward very frequently resorted to in those days. In the British Museum is a very curious manuscript written by him, containing an account of all his printed works, drawn up by himself at different times, from 1599 to 1603. It is a folio volume extending to seventy-nine pages, very closely written, the margins of each page being filled up with numerous quotations from Scripture, or from Latin authors, exhibiting the writer's pedantry, and shewing also the precarious nature, at that time, of an author's existence who was dependent upon his pen for his daily support. It is among the Royal MSS. No. 18. A lxvi,

and is entitled "*Robinsons Eupolemia, Archippus, and Panoplia: that ys to say, His good Warrfare agenst Satan, and his malignant Spirites; His good Soldyer agenst the Flesh, the Lustes, and Concupiscences therof: And his Complet Harness agenst the Worlde, and the Wickednes and Wretchednes therof.—Conteyning a true Catalogue of all his pore paynefull laboures, translated, collected allso printed and published, and præsented in English, by Authority: Shewyng allso What good Benefactors hee hathe had, for meyntenance of his sayde pore Study and Peine; and What hynderances hee hathe had other wyse, from the yeare of oure Savyour Christe,* 1576, *vntill this yeare* 1602, *for* 26 *Yeares:—Newly written oute to the glory of God, Honour of the* Kinges / Queenes *moste Excellent Maiesty, Comfort of the Faythfull, and Convertion or Subvertion of theyr Enemyes by Ry: Robinson London.*"

It appears that this MS. was originally intended to have been addressed to Queen Elizabeth, but the Author not meeting with any encouragement for his former works from her Majesty, whose bounty was employed in other directions, and whose liberality was not remarkable in the encouragement of literary genius, it was afterwards altered to suit her Royal successor. We learn also from the MS. that besides Queen Elizabeth, Lord Chancellor Egerton, and Richard Bancroft, Bishop of London, appear to have stopped their ears against the voice of this charmer, and to have refused him any benefactions. His remarks upon

this subject are quaint and curious, and his melancholy and querulous account of himself, and the expressions of his feelings would furnish an interesting chapter in the calamities of authors. He had dedicated a former work, a third portion of what he termed, "*The Harmony of King Davids Harp*," to the Queen, and had presented a copy of it in person to her Majesty on All Saints' Day, the first of November, 1595, at the Palace of Richmond, as she was going to Chapel in the morning, and at the same time solicited some pecuniary relief. The answer of the thrifty Queen is too characteristic to be omitted. "Your Maiesty thancked me for my good will;—your Highnes was glad you had a subiect coulde do so well, and that I deserued commendacions. But for my gratification for any suche labours, youre Maiesty was not in mynde as then to bestow any suche reliefe vppon mee:—for your Highnes had care of the chargeable Voyage* to come, of releving youre nedy soldyers, and requyting of theyr paynes. Fynally youre Highnes sett me not on Worck, and therefore you were not to pay me any Wages."

The account he gives of himself, and of the privations he encountered after this disappointment, are exceedingly curious, and painfully exhibit the distress he experienced.

"Herewith," says he, "I departed from yor Highnes Court at Richmond pacyently as a pore man before, but now (by this meanes) become a porer. Es nunc pauperior, qui pauper tunc Emiliane. Martialis lib. 5. For I founde now, mo inconvenyences

* The Expedition to Cadiz.

(by wanting my present releef) then ever I felte before in my lyfe tyme, or at leaste synce I coulde first handle my penn: For my penury was so greate, that take what paynes I coulde with my pen at home, and otherwyse wryting for my frendes abroade in the Citye Yea and allso utter as many of these Bookes as I coulde for halfe a yeare after, trubling my good Benefactors (longer then eyther I thought I shoulde or willingly woulde haue done) all was litle ynough and too-to litle, to meynteyne mee, my Wyfe, and one pore Chylde with meate, drincke, Lynnen, Wollen, Rent, and Necessaryes even very meanely: So as before youre Maiestyes Royall Navy went to Cadiz in June followyng 1596 I (still wanting my sayd releef) had solde away certeyne of my howsehould moveables, pawned away dyverse good bookes oute of my Chest, allso my very gowne from my back, yea, and (within two yeares after) was constrayned to sell away the very Leasse of my howse, wherin I then dwelt in Harp Alley in Shoe Lane, for the Rent paying due to the Landlord at Michaelmas 1598."

He speaks also of having been a suitor two years before unto her Majesty "for one of the Twelve Allmose Rowmes at Westminster in your Highnes dispocicion and beeyng then voyde." But his applications, which are related in the MS. at some length, and with many curious particulars, were all apparently fruitless; and we are unable to state whether he became more successful under the pedantic successor of Elizabeth, whose patronage of literary men was more free and encouraging, or how long he lived afterwards. He seems to have been intimate with Churchyard the poet, and to have been joined with him in the production of one or more of his works. He is mentioned by that writer, in his book entitled "*A true Discourse histo-*

ricall of the succeeding Governours in the Netherlands," 4to. bl. lett. 1602, as "Richard Robinson, a man more debased by many then he merits of any, so good parts are there in the man:" and to the second part of Robinson's work on Prince Arthur, entitled "*The Auncient Order, Societie, and Unitie Laudable of Prince Arthur, and his Knightly Armory of the Round Table,*" 4to. bl. lett. Lond. by John Wolfe, 1583, Churchyard prefixed a poem "in praise of the Bowe and commendation of this Booke."

It is remarkable that all the works published by this Richard Robinson, amounting to more than twenty, and of some of which there were several impressions printed, are now become exceedingly scarce. Of one of them, his translation of the Latin *Gesta Romanorum*, he informs us that seven editions of the work were printed between 1577 and 1602. "Of these seven editions," says Sir Frederick Madden, in his Introduction to the *Gesta Romanorum*, printed for the Roxburghe Club, p. xviii, "so scarce are they become, Mr. Douce never beheld more than one, namely that of 1595, a copy of which he himself possessed; and since his decease I have seen a copy of the sixth. The popularity of Robinson's book at this period is evident not only from the number of editions, but from the frequent allusions to it in the writers of the time, and to the same cause we may probably attribute the disappearance of the copies." P. xviii. Mr. Haslewood also in two long articles in the *Brit. Bibliogr.*, v. 1, pp. 109 and 125, has alluded to the great rarity of another of his works, "*The Life, Actes*

and Death of the most Noble, Valiant, and Renoumed Prince Arthure, King of Great Brittaine," &c., 4to. bl. lett. 1582, but has evidently been guilty of a mistake in confounding the writer of this volume with the other Richard Robinson, who was serving in the household of the Earl of Shrewsbury. He is also, we think, in error in supposing that this was a servitude in any menial capacity, the expression meaning simply that he was a gentleman holding some respectable office in that nobleman's establishment. The latter work, "*The Life, &c. of Prince Arthur*" is mentioned in the MS. catalogue of his publications, but not one word is said about "*The Rewarde of Wickednesse,*" or "*A Golden Mirrour,*" and Ritson is unquestionably wrong in assigning these two publications to the "Citizen of London."

This person has been supposed, but without any positive authority, to be the father of Richard Robinson, one of the principal actors in the Plays of Shakespeare, and as such included in the list published in the first folio edition. He was celebrated by Ben Jonson for his performance of female characters,—was one of the twelve included in the patent to the King's Players by James I. in 1619,—and was for a long time supposed to have been killed by Major Harrison at the siege of Basing House in 1645. But Mr. Collier has satisfactorily proved, from the Parish Register of St. Anne's, Blackfriars, that he was buried there on the 23rd March, 1647-8, and that the person killed at Basing House, in 1645, was an actor of the name of *William* Robinson.—See Collier's "*Memoirs of the Prin-*

cipal Actors in the Plays of Shakespeare," printed for the Shakespeare Society, 1846.

We trust our readers will not consider this digression unnecessarily extended. It was, in fact, a natural episode in the history of our Author, who has been so frequently confused with his namesake, the more voluminous writer. We now return to the Author of the present volume. Allusion has been made in the Notes to a work mentioned by Robinson in his second Vision, entitled, "*The poore Knight his Pallace of private Pleasures,*" &c., 4to. bl. lett. 1579. In this volume, which, as we have there observed, is of the most extreme rarity, Robinson is twice addressed by name; once in the first Poem, called "*The Vale of Venus,*" &c., in the following lines:

"Oh sir (quoth I to him) which was my carefull guide
In all the Mount the like to this, I haue not seene beside.
Quoth Morpheus this is shee which all the Church beguilde
Whom all men thought to bee a man, till that shee had a childe
Pope Joane shee hath to name, whom once within the Lake
I shewed unto *Robinson*, as our viage wee did make:"

and the second time in "*The poore Knight his farewel to his Booke,*" thus:

"If *Robinson*, which hath no cause to feare
Did stand in dout, that hee should haue a rome:
Where *Cheryll* keepes, that hee I say euen there,
Should stand and tell, what Poets thither come:
Behinde the doore, there *Cheryll* tels his case,
And whippes the dogges out of that sacred place.

If hee I say, this infamy did feare
Which hath deserued, such fame in English coast
Then farewell Booke," &c.*

This book is said to be "written by a Student in Cambridge, and published by J. C. Gent," who dates his introductory Address to the Reader "From his Chamber in Grayes Inne." The Editor of the reprint of this work for the Roxburghe Club, observes that "no assiduity of research has recovered the Author's name; and of the numerous Cambridge men, whose names or initials occur throughout the volume, with the exception of Thomas Tur. (who is probably Thomas Turberville), not one can be traced, even in Cole's extensive *Alphabetical Collections for an Athenæ Cantabrigienses*." On a careful examination of this reprint, the Editor has been struck with the great resemblance between the last poem in the "*Golden Mirrour*," and several of those contained in this volume. The similarity of the way in which Robinson's name is introduced in both,—the numerous classical allusions they contain—the remarkable resemblance of many of the words and phrases made use of—and other particularities common to both;—all tend to induce a supposition

* The above quotation regarding Robinson, which has also been given by Mr. Collier in his "*Extracts from the Registers of the Stat. Comp.*," vol. 2, p. 88, is far from clear, especially without the context. We presume that "Cheryll" must mean the poet Chœrilus, the friend of Alexander, who was famed for writing so many bad, and so few good verses.—*Horat. Ep.*, lib. 2, 1, v. 232.—"That sacred place" we take to be the temple of Poetry or of the Muses.

that Robinson himself might possibly be the Author of "*The poore Knight*," &c., and that he was the "Student of Cambridge," but unwilling that his name should be known. The reader will observe that there is an interval of fifteen years unaccounted for between the publication of Robinson's second known work in 1574, and "*The Golden Mirrour*" which may be called the third in 1589. We know nothing of his early life, nor whether he was a student of Cambridge or not. But it is not improbable that he may have written other works during that long period, a fact which, even if true, we cannot now ascertain with any certainty,—and the date of "*The poore Knight*," &c., would well correspond with this supposition. It is only by accident we could hope for any actual proof of the truth of this conjecture; but, at all events, there appears to be no valid reason against its conditional acceptance. Mr. Collier, whose opinion on these subjects is deserving of the highest consideration, is inclined to believe that I. C. was the Author of the Book, and that the imputation of it to a Student in Cambridge, was only a blind;—in the same way that we now often see books written by persons who merely profess to edit them, just to avoid a little of the responsibility of authorship. Mr. Collier is of opinion that "some of the poems have considerable merit, and are biographically interesting: and that several of the most favourable specimens of the writer's abilities are imitations of Gascoigne and other earlier versifiers."

The Editor has been unable to procure a sight of "*The Rewarde of Wickednesse*," which is not in the British

Museum, the Bodleian Library, neither, as far as he is aware, in any other of our public Libraries, nor can he trace more than two copies having been sold, one of which was in the valuable Collection of Mr. Heber, and was disposed of at that gentleman's sale, Part 4, 2411, for £5. 2s. 6d. It is said in the *Brit. Bibliogr.*, vol. 1, p. 110, to be "a dull metrical compilation," and it is stated that in one of the prefixes to this volume, a Richard Smith, Clerk, extols "this Robinson the rubi red," alluding to "*Robinson's Ruby, an Historicall fiction, translated oute of Latin prose into English Verse: with the prayer of the moste Christian Poet Ausonius,*" 8vo. bl. lett. Printed by John Charlewood in the Barbican, 1577. This statement tends to add to the confusion between the two Richard Robinsons, and shews that even in those days, the distinctive claims of these two writers were not fully understood. For though Smith in his commendatory verses attributes this work to the Author of "*The Rewarde of Wickednesse,*" it is quite certain that it was written by the Citizen of London, being the second book enumerated in his manuscript "*Eupolemia.*" It is possible that Smith having seen "*The Ruby,*" with the name of Richard Robinson attached to it, might have concluded at once that it was composed by his own friend, and might not be aware that there was any other writer of the same name.

This little volume appears to have been quite unknown to all collectors. Herbert, in the most extensive list he could form of the works printed by that very refractory subject Roger Ward, does not mention it; nor does Ritson

notice it under the works of Richard Robinson. The history of the particular copy, which is here reprinted, and which is probably unique, is somewhat remarkable. Some years ago the late eminent bookseller, Mr. Rodd, passing by one of the general repositories for every sort of ware, in the neighbourhood of Saffron Hill, saw lying open in the window a black letter volume, which he found to contain several curious and rare tracts. On inquiring its price, the owner of the shop immediately placed it in a pair of scales, and weighing it said it was threepence three farthings. Not having a farthing he gave the man fourpence, who returned him the odd farthing, and Mr. Rodd carried off his prize in triumph. On examination he found it to contain some rare pieces by Greene, one or two by Rowlands, Breton, Decker, &c., and this tract by Robinson. He afterwards sold the volume to Mr. Heber, for fifty pounds, who, dividing the several pieces in it, had them bound separately, and at his sale in 1834, they brought large sums. By Mr. Heber's directions the present volume was neatly clothed in orange morocco, and at the sale of that gentleman's library, Part 4, 2413, it was purchased by Mr. Hawkins's advice for the British Museum, where it is now deposited.

In the following reprint the original edition has been followed page for page, the orthography has been preserved, and so also has the punctuation, though it appears very erroneous; but it must be remarked, that the Author or the Printer has placed stops very generally with reference to the metre, rather than to the sense, and frequently to its manifest injury. It has not been thought necessary to

copy the Printer's ornaments, which occur rarely, and have neither signification nor elegance. The device in the title page consists of "a pheasant couchant on a wreath in a compartment with R W on the sides." The meaning of this device we have not been able to detect: in 1582 Ward resided by Holborn conduit at the sign of the Talbot,—in 1590 at the Purse in the Little Old Bailey,—and in 1595 at the Castle in Salisbury Court. In 1589 he lived near Old Fish Street, on Lambeth Hill, and as far as we have been able to discover, this device only occurs in books dated 1589 and 1590, and it may, therefore, have been his sign during his Lambeth residence. The wreath and the crescent upon the neck of the pheasant give it the appearance of a crest, but we cannot trace this bird in any armorial bearings connected with the name of Ward or Warde; for he spells his name in both ways, even in the same volume.

Mr. Hawkins, the highly respected Keeper of the Antiquities in the British Museum, entertained the intention some years ago of reprinting this poetical tract, and had made some preparations for editing it. But other objects intervening, he was kind enough to place his memoranda in the hands of the present Editor. To Mr. Hawkins, therefore, the Reader is indebted for a portion of the information contained in the Notes, and also for some of the remarks introduced in the Preface. The Editor begs to return his grateful acknowledgments to that Gentleman for these communications, and for the ready and unvarying kindness he has ever received from him. He has also to

offer his thanks to John Payne Collier, Esq., F.S.A., for one or two useful suggestions, and for the information concerning "*A poore Knight his Pallace of priuate Pleasures*," &c., 4to. 1579, and to Beriah Botfield, Esq., F.S.A., of Norton Hall, Northamptonshire, for the loan of his copy of the Roxburghe Reprint of that interesting tract.

It is a source of great regret to the Editor, that notwithstanding his numerous and extended researches, the notices he has been able to collect of the Author of the following work should be so meagre; but it must be remembered that disappointment is the rule, not the exception, in most of the biographical inquiries respecting literary men of the time of Queen Elizabeth. In general, it is only by the merest accident that any satisfactory particulars of the lives of our early authors can be recovered, and the Editor feels little apology necessary to the Members of the Chetham Society, for the want of information which it is probably now impossible for any one to supply. It is only requisite to add in conclusion, that the literary additions to the present Reprint have been collected with as much assiduity as the Editor's limited time would permit. They are no doubt susceptible of being worthily increased; but it is humbly hoped that the Reader will find most of what is really necessary for the due elucidation of the Text, and with this hope he leaves it in the hands of the Members.

T. C.

A Golden Mirrour.

Conteining certaine

Pithie and figuratiue Visions

prognosticating good fortune to England.

and all true Englisb Subiectes,

with an ouerthrowe to

the enemies.

VVHERETO BE ADIOYNED

certaine pretie Poemes written on

the names of sundrie both

noble and wor-

shipfull.

LONDON,

Printed by *Roger Ward* for Iohn Proctor,
and are to be solde at his shop vpon
Holborne Bridge.

1589.

¶ To The Honorable, Lord GILBERT TALBOT, SONNE AND HEIRE TO THE RIGHT HONORABLE, THE EARLE of Shrevvſbury, Knight of the moſt noble order of the Garter. &c. Increaſe of honour, and all felicitie.

WHereas about tvvo yeares paſt, I chaunced to haue offered me this preſent Treatiſe, vvhiche though I then accepted and gaue money for: yet, dreadyng leaſt I might be ouer raſhe in committyng it to the Print, eſpecially before I had fully ſeene into the end and purpoſe of the vvriter, vvhom I vnderſtood to bee a Gentleman of the North Countrey: yet novv after long deliberation, I finding this ſame both pleaſaunt and profitable, haue aduentured the charge of Printyng it. Pleaſaunt I ſay it is in regard of the inuention, and the more to be eſteemed of, conſidering that it foretold (as it vvere) the comming of the Spanyards and their ouerthrovv to our great vnſpeakable good. Profitable it is in reſpect of example: for here among the due prayſes of many, thoſe tvvo moſt noble and loyall men your good honorable Father I meane, and the like right honorable the Earle of Darby, are ſet as ſpectacles or looking glaſſes, vvherein all men may ſee a

liuely pourtrayture of right Noble myndes in deede, for the right of their Countreys vveale beyng moſt vigilant and ſtudious. Hereto bee adioyned of the foreſayd Authours doyng alſo, certaine Verſes penned vpon the name of my Lord Straunge, and ſundry others, vpon the names of diuers vvorſhipfull, vvhiche, for that they are tending vnto vertue and prettie inuentions full of vvittie ſentences, I haue thought good to adde vnto the former Treatiſe.

If any vvill contend, that ſuch graue matters as in the former part be intreated of, ought not be expreſſed vnder a colour of Dreames, let him but read Cicero his worke *De ſomnio Scipionis*, & he ſhall find there moſt graue & pithie matters, touching the vvell vſage of a Common vveale, concerning the vnſtableneſſe and inualiditie of riches in compariſon to vertue, vvith the bleſſed ende of good men, and the vvofull miſerie of the vvicked, all effectually discourſed vnder the name of a Dreame. Novv my humble ſuite is that your honour vvill vouchſafe to take on you the patroſinie of this Treatiſe, to vvhom I haue thought beſt for to dedicate the ſame, and that you vvill herein reſpect not ſo much the ſlenderneſſe of the gift, or the vnvvorthines of the giuer, but will accordyng to your noble curteſie, take in good part the ſimple good vvill of me your poore ſuppliant, vvho, though I be able to deſerue nothing of your honour, yet vvill I euer pray for your good proſperitie.

Your honors humbly deuote,
IOHN PROCTOR.

¶ THE AUTHOR TO THE *Gentle Reader.*

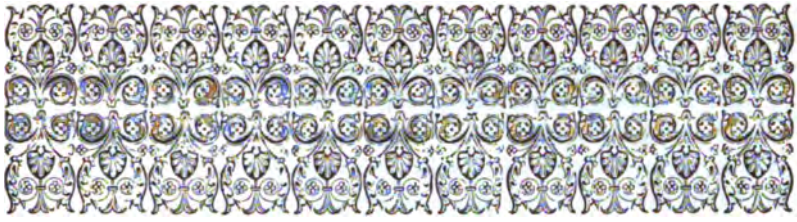
Y vvelbeloued in Chriſt, I haue made ready for thy reading a number of rare inuentions pend vpon the Ethimologie of the names, of diuers vvorthy perſonnages inhabiting the gentle natured countrey and Coũtie of Cheſter: A place planted vvith an infinite number of Gentlemen being of great vvorship, vvho in all their behauiours in euery reſpect, may vvelbe to many countreyes a ſpectacle, or Mirrour for many vvorſhipfull vertues, as dutie to her Maieſtie, obeyng the lavves, keeping good hoſpitallitie, louing and cheriſhing their ſeruaunts and poore tenants, vſing liberalitie to all men: being of nature lovvly, friendly, and familiar, without any loftie proude ſtately vvordes or countenaunce to their inferiours, dayly and hourely feeding, and clothyng the poore people that vvant and craue for Chriſtes sake. VVhat ſhall I ſay there is no countrey comparable to the ſame, concerning the vertues aforeſayd. If Radamanthus, and Pryapus, did not corrupt ſome of them vvith their vgly vices. But as the beſt and moſt diligent huſbandman can not vveede his Corne ſo cleane hovv preciſe ſoeuer he be, but ſome vvedes, as thyſtles, brackens or

brambles vvill ſpring vp among the fayreſt and moſt ranckeſt corne of the vvhole fielde: euen ſo among many vertues it euer hath bene ſeene, and euer ſhalbe that ſome vices ſecretly ſhall lurke in ſome one corner or other according to the old ſaying, vvho liues vvithout a fault, or vvhat commoditie is vvithout his diſcommoditie? vvhiche argueth that Cheſhyre is not onely for theſe vices to blamed more then the reſt of our Natiue Countrey: VVherefore they are not alone to be condemned: But vviſhing all to be reformed, I beſeech thee gentle Reader to beare in mynde his ſayings, that vvrit vpon the earth vvith his finger: and caſt no more ſtones, at this gentle Countrey, then thou vvould haue throvven at thy ſelfe: vviſhing the vvordes vvhiche ſhall flee out of thy mouth, to be fethered vvith ſuch indifferencie, as both thou, and they may be thankefully receiued among all their vvorſhips and theirs, vvith the reſt of the inhabitaunce of the ſame ſoyle. For if neceſſitie ſhould conſtraine thee to make triall of the good Nature of this Countrey, thou vvouldest not onely finde my reportes to be of troth, but alſo thou thy ſelfe ſhouldeſt haue iuſt occaſion to ſpeake more in their deſerued commendations and prayſe then I haue done: vvhiche I leaue to thy gentle iudgement, requeſting thee to take in good part theſe ſundry inuentions lately ſleeped out of my penne, vvherein I haue Poetically ſet dovvne diuers fictions, vvhiche ſhall (I truſt) be profitable to euery Reader, that vvill indiffrently iudge vppon the ſenſe, if hee haue knovvledge to vnderſtand me, accordyng to my good and faythfull meaning to my Coũtrey: But in theſe dayes not any thing is more diſdained then the trauell of

the true meaning ſubiect, to vvrite againſt a vworldlyng an Vſurer, a Papiſt, a Boaſting Thrazo, an Extortioner, a Tel-tale, a Pick-thanke, a Clavvbacke, a Periured perſon, a Tirant to his Countrey, or a Traytor, to her Maieſties Royall perſon, is ſo ſecretly diſdayned, and ſo enuiouſly noted of ſome vvicked vvretches, that by one meanes or other hee ſhall not eſcape an euill diſpleaſure, not a little to his great detriment and loſſes, but commonly to his vtter confuſion, all the vvhiche daungers (gentle Reader) doe not daunt my mynde at all, neither cauſe my penne to ſtaye one droppe of incke from paintyng the prayſe of the vertuous, or tellyng the troth to the Tyraunt, by familiar examples of the other euill diſposed perſons as a caueat to vvarne the vvicked, and to incourage the godly to perſiſte in vertue, vvhiche I beſeech the almightie that vve may all ſeeke the path of perfite righteouſneſſe, deſiring to pray for peace, and to inſue the ſame. To honour and dread God, obey our ſoueraigne and gratious Lady the Queenes Maieſtie and her lavves, and finally one to loue another. Thus vviſhing thee and all thine, no vvorſſe then my ſelfe I ceaſe.

ERRATA.

Epistle to the Reader, L. 7.—Add "be," to *be* blamed.
Golden Mirrour, P. 1, Stanza 3, L. 5.—For "boures" read *houres*.
P. 54. L. 18.—For "I" read *Is*.
P. 56. L. 18.—For a "comma" place a *period*.
P. 58. Stanza 5. L. 4.—For "act" read *art*.



Golden Mirrours, verie significatiue and pithie: with Verses vpon the Etimologie of the names of sundrie Noblemen and Gentlemen.

WHen as the Stately Stagge doth haunt the mountaine toppe,
And ſecretlye doeth doubt, the Hunters ſubtill ſleight:
To Marfield forreſt, with weary ſteppes I got,
And Shutlings loe, did ſcale of monſtrous height:
Where fominge bryniſh flouds in th' occident I ſee,
And ſixe ſundry Shyres appeared vnto mee.

Thus gaſing in the cloudes, theſe countreys far to vew,
Meete vnderneath, the mountaine where I was:
The Keepers came, the Stagg for to purſue,
With bended bowes, and grayhounds, more and leſſe,
And Gentlemen, with Gentlewomen braue:
That thether came, a huntyng ſport to haue.

But or the Courſe was ſet, tyme ware a way apace,
And Boreas breth was blacke, and glummiſh chill:
Which cauſed me, to ſeeke a warmer place,
Underneath a rocke, on the other ſide the hill:
Where boures three, I am ſure that I ſette,
And watcht for ſport, vntill I fell a ſleepe.

And in this ſlumbring ſleep, the richeſt Dreame I had,
A ſight of blaſing bliſſe, and glorious Golden ſhow:
I ſawe a virgin, in rich attire clad,
Whoſe vertues cauſed all men her name to know:
For fame did ſounde her iuſt deſerued prayſe,
Whoſe giftes of grace, her Royall race bewrayes.

A Roſe as Ruby red, ſprang in this Ladyes hand,
Whoſe fragrant taſt, perfum'd the loftie aire:
Three Crownes upon the ſame, by right did ſtand,
Three Princely Lyons, this (Lady) honored there:
The flower deluces did bow vnto the earth,
Which did declare a Prince of famous byrth.

And in a galland garden, ſtood this famous Dame,
Inuironde round, with bryniſh waltring waues:
With mightie mountaines, vaunting in the ſame,
And riuers freſh, through valleys paſſadge craues:
Where ſprings doe ſpoute, whoſe ſiluer ſtreams doe guſh,
Through ribs of rockes, them ſelues doe dayly puſh.

Many Cities buylt of fame, and honour great,
Of worſhip, worthy Townes of riche and manly ſhoe:
Wherein me thought, was Julius Cæſars ſeate,
With ſtately buyldings, many thouſands moe:
Of comely creatures, ſo populous to view,
The like was neuer ſeene, if euery one were trewe.

Of wealth there was no want, but grace there wanted ſome,
Will playd ſuch wicked partes, and priuate gayne:
That in this garden, the poore men ſeldome wonne,
And yet there durſt not one of them complayne:
The litle fiſh ſtill flieth from the whale,
Yet what's deuoured, God Neptune knowes not all.

Then

Then came Morpheus with Linces eyes, in his fift
Which ſparkled like the fire, among the cloudy ſkies:
Hold theſe (ſayd he) and ſee what ere thou lift,
Nothing can be vnknowen vnto the wiſe:
Which when I had, but preſent in my hand,
I heard and ſaw, but ſcarſe could vnderſtand.

But by the blaſing beames, of Lynces eyes,
I ſawe much more, then Argos many away:
And heard report, what wordes from him there flies,
And who they were, that did this dame obay:
So did I view a vyle and wicked brood,
That lately dranke, of vglie ſtigian floud.

From out whoſe mouthes, they belched bulles of lead,
Which rored and beld, in th'eares of ſome by fleight:
A foxe their ſier, a wolfe their ſupreame head,
Their frendes are traitors, I know not what they hight:
Thus ſtill I ſtood, theſe nouelties rare to view,
And warely watcht to ſee what would inſewe.

And as I ſtanding there, to ſee the ſame,
Dropt into doubtfull dumps, of that and this:
Upon the ſodden preſently there came,
A valiant hounde, as white as ſiluer is:
And did behold this Lady in the face,
As one right ready, to obay her grace.

Streight came an Eagle, ſoring in the ſkyes,
With Golden fethers, delighting all mens ſight:
Who ſtooping ſtraight, fell downe vpon his knees,
To doe his duetie, thus he left his flight:
(And ſayd) Madame, the Lord preſerue thee ſtill,
Thus doe I pray and haue, and euer will.

This

This Hound and Eagle, with foote and wing ſo preſt,
In ſure ſeruice vnto this excellent Dame:
Thoſe that had dronke of Stigian could not reſt,
But by the one or other ſtraight was ta'en:
No Bull durſt bell, neare where there byding was,
This noble Hound, no craftie Foxe let paſſe.

A voyce I heard, that all the world did heare,
That thundered from, the golden trumpe of fame:
And true report him ſelfe, was preſent there,
And made a challenge, to performe the ſame:
The wordes were theſe, the Lyon well may truſt,
That Hound and Eagle, that neuer were vniuſt.

They both be ready, alwayes for to obey,
The Prince and Lawes, they truely loue in heart:
No blotte of blame, from firſt vnto this day,
Their banners blanckles, of any euill part:
Their ſeruice ſhowes, they ſprang of ſpotles race,
As at theſe dayes, appeareth by their grace.

And with theſe wordes, the voyce was ceaſt and gone,
And at the gaſe I gaſtly quaking ſtood:
Birdes, beaſt and foules, in flockes was many a one,
Whereas a number, ſeem'd of Vipers blood:
(I iudge yt ſo) becauſe they ſought the ſpoyle,
Of none ſo much, as of their natiue ſoyle.

Then looking vp and downe, both heere and there,
To heare report: and vewe with Lynces eyes:
Me thought that Jupiter, deſcended from the ayre,
A midd a ſhower, of ſiluer droppes he flies:
And Saturne followed, with his chollericke looke,
And furious Mars, his blade, about him ſhooke.

Then

Then Miſchief calde, for (treaſon vndertruſt)
Helpe now (quoth he) or els I am ore'throwen:
Then ſayd Jupiter, thou wretched Theefe vniuſt,
I am the God, that makes ſuch villaines knowen:
For treaſon thou, ſhalt reape thy iuſt rewarde,
And I this Virgin, in proſperous raigne will garde.

Then Eccho, ſhe was cald, that liues in woodes,
And rocky ragged tours, and Dales with Dymbles deepe:
Where riuers runne with waltring waues in floudes,
For that (that ſhe) could neuer counſell keepe:
Sayd Jupiter, come Eccho, vnto mee,
Reueile all thoſe theſe dayes that traitors bee.

But at this word me thought a number fled,
Some others wiſhte them fiſhes in the Sea:
An other ſorte began to hyde their head,
And many other did ambodexter play:
For Eccho did all traytors trades bewray,
As Jupiter commaunded, ſo ſhe did obey.

Thus Eccho charg'd to tel all things that's hard,
Jupiter commaunded woodes, waters, hilles, and dales:
Mountaines, medowes and valleys to regarde,
With cabbins and caues in England and in Wales:
What people they receiue, ſith vipers be abrod,
That neither honor Prince, ne yet almightie God.

Except you know them, ſtay them all (quoth hee)
He charg'd the ſtones to tell that lye in ſtreet:
So did the Eagle to all the foules that flee,
Commaunded them to watch, with whom they meete,
That by your voyce the Serpents may be knowen;
That ſeeke to haue our (onely ioy) ore throwen.

And

And preſt accomplere, ſayd the noble Hound,
With ſterne and ſtately countenance all about:
(All enemies) what ſoeuer to confound,
My preſent ſeruice ſhall put you out of doubt:
In place my perſon, ſhall the triall make,
If any enemy dare, approche the ſtate.

Then Neptune rouſde him ſelfe vpon a rocke,
Amid the bryniſh fomyng floudes he ſate:
The gates of all his pallace did vnlocke,
And ſend for Triton, his pleaſure to relate:
Whoſe trompet ſoundeth euer in the ſeas,
For to declare ſuch newes, as Neptune pleaſe.

When Triton came, and had his duetie done,
God Neptune bad him ſound his trumpet vp:
And in the ſeas commaunde all creatures come,
That of the fomyng floudes did drinke or ſup:
And tell Caribd and Silla I am here,
And doe commaunde them, preſently appeare.

Triton trudg'd and ſounded Trumpet ſtraight,
At voice wherof, appeared great and ſmall:
The Seas did mount of mightie monſtrous height,
All liuing creatures attended on the Whale:
A mightie muſter I neuer ſaw the like,
It paſſeth all my ſkill the halfe for to indite.

When all aſſembled weare before this God,
Triton ſounded ſilence in paine of preſent death,
And then came Mercurie to charm them with his rod:
That none durſt ſpeake that time, that beareth breath:
Thus ſilence made, quoth Neptune now prepare,
My pleaſure to fulfil, that here my Subiectes are.

Said

Said Neptune, ſith to you it's not vnknowen,
But that on Tellus all my floods do ſtay:
On whom I reape the fruites, on earth that's ſowen,
And doe maintaine my ſtate both night and day.
He ſends me word that Vipers are abord,
That would deſtroy th'anointed of the Lord.

Which Ladies vertue moouetb all the Gods,
As Jupiter himſelfe for to defend the ſkies:
And to prepare for all her foes ſuch rods,
As Juſtice can by any law deuiſe,
So that her Foes on earth cannot eſcape,
Mark now ſaid Neptune what I will debate.

Then for Eolus, Triton ſound his Trump,
Who preſently did perſonally appeare:
Who was vpon the ſodaine in a dump,
Till Neptune tolde him ſoftly in his eare.
Which when he knew, what was the cauſe indeed,
He willingly with Neptune did proceede.

And then ſaid Neptune, I charge my furious Flouds,
To ſwell and rage, vp toward the cloudie ſkies:
With greedy Jawes deuoure vp their bloods,
That harme againſt her noble ſtate deuiſe.
To thee Caribdis and Sylla, thus I will,
That night and day their ſhips and them you ſpill.

Then ſaid Eolus with a bluſtering blaſt,
I for my part ſhal make their courſe but ſhort:
I will breake Anker, Cable, and alſo Maſt,
So that deſtruction ſhall acquite their ſport.
But whom (ſaid Eolus) that it pleaſeth you,
I'le blowe his ſailes, the Traitors to purſue.

And

And as this word, Eolus mouth had paſt,
God Neptune muſing whom to chooſe therefore:
The mightie Iupiter ſendeth with a blaſt
A faithfull Foule, for seas none like of yore.
A Drake adreſt to paſſe through euery ſtorme,
To ſwim the flouds, this Virgins foes to charme.

Then ſtept out Nature that ſecretly lay hid,
And did auouch the choice was by her made:
And Mars himſelfe to take the charge did bid,
And there withall did giue this Drake his blade:
And Neptune bad him welcome to the Seas,
Eolus promiſt him to blow hys ſayles alwayes.

And when this valiaunt Drake receiued charge,
And to the purpoſe as before I ſed:
And his commiſſion reachyng wide and large,
Me thought ſome foes farre of, hoiſt ſayles and fled:
An other ſorte to Crikes began to flye,
Becauſe they knew they had deſerued to dye.

But Drake not dreading, layde to his breſt to ſwym,
The ſomyng flouds to ſearch for forrain foes:
The Gods in all exploits were ſtill with him,
And Eolus in his ſayles, a luckie blaſt ſtill blowes:
No foe he feares though he can Spaniſh ſpeake,
He venters if they byde, their force to breake.

And as I kend him farre, as eyes could ſcry,
And all his faithfull followers at that tyme:
A warlike Winter, appeared in the ſky,
Yet Phebus frendly did vpon them ſhine;
Eolus Furbiſher, was ready for to ſcower,
The Spaniſh cloud, that miſchief meant to power.

And

And ſeeing a ſight my eyes began to tyre,
With flouds ſo furious, and eke ſo many ſayle:
Streightwayes I heard, and ſaw ſuch gunnes on fire,
The tremblyng earth, my feete began to fayl:
The ſkies were dimd, the Seas of fire flamd,
As though this word Riſe Deadmen had bene nam'd.

Foes fled that could, ſome ſanke into the Seas,
The reſt priſoners that crau'd of Drake their life:
An other ſorte ſought boggs and woods for eaſe,
Thus Neptunes Drake, by force doth ſtinte their ſtrife:
The Gods of this Drake, doe make ſuch a treaſure,
That Sancta Dominga, he had at his pleaſure.

Thus fire and ſmoke, daſht Drake out of my ſight,
But that I heard for ioye the Sirens ſing:
And that I had a glimring of ſome light,
Els of this Drake, no other newes I bring:
But ſurely the Gods, the helme doo hold,
Where Drake doth ſwym: what needeth more be told.

Then turnde I backe, this garden for to view,
For Morpheus twitcht me ſharply by the eare:
And ſayd it's beſt, thy charge to looke vnto,
And with thy pen, let diligence appeare:
Now ſhalt thou ſee (quoth he) a happy ſight,
And comfort that, among the poore doth light.

Whereat I ready for to view the ſame,
A number infinite, did preſently behold:
That did reioyce, to heare of vipers tane,
That ſought ſuch miſchief, as before I told:
With ſinging, ringing and clapping handes they ſayd,
God ſaue our Noble Queene, our mother and a mayd.

The younglinges leape, like lambes vpon the leyes,
The lame reioyſt, and laught, to heare the newes:
The poore ploughmen, vnyokt, and preſent playes,
The traueller, his iorney doth refuſe:
And all with chearefull voyce did ſing and pray,
God ſaue our Noble Queene Elizabeth alway.

The prayers of the poore, did pearce the ſkyes,
The ioy of the people, ſpread ouer all the earth:
The vertues of the virgin, throughout all kingdomes flyes,
For all her faithfull ſubiectes, vnfainedly made mirth:
Poore clout-ſhooes gate their clubs, and willingly attend,
To wreke there miſtres cauſe, both life and good will ſpend.

The noyſe whereof, ſo ſounded in the ayre,
And with the roring cannons on the ſea:
That heauen and earth, in euery part might heare,
How nigh ſoeuer, or els how farre away:
The thumping of the ſame ſo frighted me,
That on the mount I wakened where I ley.

My limmes be numde, as cold as any ſtone,
And Phœbus bathing in the Occident floud:
I could not ſtand when as I would haue gone,
My ioynts were froſen, congeled was my bloud:
Diſmounting thus the hill, I did retyre,
To maiſter Leigh of Ridge, a Gentle Squyre.

To whom I told my Dreame, both more and leſſe,
From firſt vnto the laſt in eche degree:
Who wiſhed me, my pen, for to adreſſe,
To ſet it downe, that all the world might ſee:
God ſaue the Queene, (ſaid he) the Eagle, and Noble hound,
And all that traytors be, almightie God confound.

Amen

Amen (quoth I) and he that would not ſo,
I wiſh he were the firſt, to feele deſerued woe.

FINIS.

THe Godeſſe chaſt, that Dian hath to name,
Is much abuſ'd by vermin that deuoure:
In forreſt, park, and chace, her galland Game
Is vexed ſore, and daungered euery houre:
Which cauſeth her, to ſend for ſure Hounds,
To hunt the wolues, out of her Stately Grounds.

When as Aurora with rudie cheekes prepard,
Her Oriental pallace Phœbus to receiue:
The Chriſtall ſkyes, vnto the earth declard,
That Flora would reſtore, what Hyemps did bereue:
Which cauſed birds to bruſh, them on the bowes,
And many for to walke, their chambers did refuſe.

And I my ſelfe then weary of my booke,
To be partaker of the pleaſant ayre:
Into a forreſt faſt by the way I tooke,
Wherein my ſight, did hautie hills appeare:
And rocky towers, did ſcale the loftie ſkyes,
Whom vnderneath, deepe dales and dymbles lyes.

Thus for to feede my gredy eyes at gaze,
By wandring long I weary was at laſt:
Till ſodenly, my witts were in a maze,
My eyes did dazile, and all my ſenſe was paſt:
I ſet me downe, a while to rubbe my browes,
The poore Knights pallace of pleaſure to peruſe.

But

But in a dreame or trance, that tyme I was,
As did appeare, by ſightes I ſee full rare:
I heard ſuch hunting of hounds both more and leſſe,
That ſcarſe I can, the twenteth part declare:
And euery hound, was called by his name,
The Hunters hallowing did declare the ſame.

The ragged hills and rocky towers reporte,
By Ecchoes, voyce, the queſt of Noble hounds:
The which to heare, it was a worthy ſporte,
The merry voyce from earth to ſkyes rebounds:
The Goddeſſe, Nymphes, with ſpeedy foote doe follow,
With ſounde of merry horne, moſt pleſantly they hallow.

Thus as I heard this heauenly hunting there,
I parted from the place, where then I ſat:
To haue a ſight, of that which I did heare,
Vp higher the hill, with expedition gat:
Where vnder a buſh, not farre where I did ſtand,
I ſaw a Nymphe with bended bow in hand.

Whoſe preſence then I durſt not well approch,
Her ſtrange attire, and ſparkling lookes were ſuch:
But cloſly kept me vnderneath a roch,
Becauſe harme haunteth ſome for medling much:
Thus as I ſtood to heare this merry queſt,
I heard the names of houndes that hunted beſt.

The followers chear'd the houndes with mery voyce,
With pleaſant notes of worthy warbling horne:
And cald vpon the houndes that were of choyce,
Who leade no chawle, the game they found ſo warme:
And many houndes of ſundry names there where,
Of mightie mouthes, ſo did their ſound apeare.

I heard

I heard the hunts-man, call on duetie ſtill,
Obedience raung'd, from duetie quite away:
Pleaſure he ran riot, with his fellow will,
Rufler rudely rou'd, and would no whit obey:
Loue well found the perfit, whereat the hunts-man blew,
And ſayd, here Talbot, take it, for thou art euer trew.

Bowman bruiſht the brakes, through thicke and thin,
Diligence followed dutie, with merry open mouth;
Yet ſcarſe could duetie bring obedience in,
He was ſo rudely raung'd ore farre into the ſouth:
The hunts-man neuer ceaſt, but hallowed ſtill and blew,
And ſayd, here Talbot, take it, for thou art euer trew.

Findeall, and hold faſt, both hunted together,
Through thicke and thin, both night and day:
Reuell and ringwood ſpared no weather,
Ouer hills and dales, they take the way:
Whereat the hunts-man, both hallowed and blew,
And ſayd, here Talbot, take it, for thou art ſtil trew.

Talbot, treaſure and truſtie, followed duetie faſt,
And louewel laboured luſtily night, day, and houre:
The hunts-man did rechat, with horne a merry blaſt,
Dianas Nymphes did follow with al their might and power:
Thus one, or other, neuer ſeaſt but blew,
And cride, here Talbot, take it, for thou was euer trew.

Theſe hounds hunte together, with a gallant queſt,
But that Mendall was behind aboue a myle or more:
And fauor hunted counter, with diuers of the reſt,
Which marde ſome ſport, beſhrow their harts therfore:
But to the truſty hounds the hunts man hallowed ſtill & blew,
And ſayd, here Talbot, take it, for thou art euer trew.

The

The wolfe, and foxe, both fled before the hounds,
The beaſtly belling bull, lay coucht in cabbin cloſſe:
And wicked weeſels, fled from Britanian grounds,
The tygar trudgeth, dayly to his loſſe:
The hounds queſt merrily, the hunts-man euer blew,
And ſayd, here Talbot, take it, for thou art euer trew.

The concord of their cry and merry queſt,
Cauſ'd al the hills, and mountaines to reioyce:
The rocky woods, recordes both Eaſt and Weſt,
To euery eare, the noble pleaſant voyce:
The Nymphes let arrowes flee, and ſtill the hunts-man blew,
And ſayd, here Talbot, take it, for thou art euer trew.

Thus ouer hills and dales, theſe hounds did mount,
Diana in her chariot, followed very faſt:
Till to the quirry, a number out of count,
Were brought to reape their iuſt reward at laſt.
Where preſently, the Mort the Hunts-man blew,
And ſaid, here Talbot, take it, for thou art euer trew.

The heads and quarters of theſe Carrens vile
I did beholde, where kites and Crowes did eate,
A marke for many that do themſelues exile
From Dueties doctrine, and deale by deepe deceit.
For by this ſame it doth appeare full well,
That ſacred Gods of euerie thing can tell.

The heauens did declare a ioyfull time,
By chriſtall ſkies, and Phœbus golden gleimes:
The Larke aloft into the cloudes doth clime,
And euery Hunter, his wiſhed pray obtaines.
Till at the length, away the Hunts-man blew,
And ſaid, that noble Talbot euermore was trew.

This

This heauenly hearing ſo delighted me,
I wiſht this hunting laſt for euermore:
Moſt pleaſant dreame it was that ere I ſee,
But loe, what lucke did light (alas) therefore,
A friend of mine by chance that way did paſſe,
And wakened me, aſleepe where then I was.

FINIS.

Verſes pend vpon the Etimologie of the name of the right honorable, *Fardinando*, Lord *Strange*.

FAme in her flight, by chance found me
Aſleepe vpon a banke,
And in a furie, ſaid that ſhe
Would yeeld me litle thanke,
To ſleepe when thou ſhouldſt wake, and write,
Sith I (ſaid ſhe) wil now indite.
Ariſe (quoth ſhe) write after me,
My ſentence doe not change,
Here ſhalt thou view a creature true,
Who may be called Strange.

And if thou learned be quoth ſhee,
Beholde the noble Wight:
Whoſe modeſt minde apeares to be
A wiſe and vertuous Knight:
Deſcent of noble Parentage,
And rareſt creature of his age:

A man

A man ſo fixt and firme of fayth,
That neuer yet did change,
And ſtandes to trueth for life or death,
This man is very Strange:

Recorded is his life by mee,
Within my houſe of fame:
From age to age his memorie
Shall ſtill aduaunce his name.
(Quoth ſhe) becauſe his noble giftes
Doe put his equals to their ſhiftes
Let poore men iudge, that want refuge,
That find their Landlords change,
He takes th'olde rent, and is content:
Which may be called Strange.

Doubtleſſe (quoth Fame) thou maiſt be bolde
To write what I ſhall ſay:
Strange is his vertues to beholde,
Among the reſt this day:
He ſerueth God in humble wiſe,
His Princes foes he doth diſpiſe.
His lowly minde men euer finde,
Still fixed not to change.
Which winnes mens harts in euery parts,
And that muſt needes be ſtraunge.

Eſteemde he is, of Noble Prince,
And of all gentle blood:
His like before his tyme, nor ſince,
For vertuous giftes and good:
I neuer knew, nor neuer ſhall,
Though I to mynde with pen ſhould call:

All

All hiſtories of auncient age,
Yet I ſhould finde ſome chaunge:
His part he playes vpon the ſtage,
Exceedeth very Straunge.

No pride perceiued in his breſt,
No hautie heart he beares:
And where is neede, to helpe vs preſt,
And thus he ſpends his yeares:
No harme to any hath he wiſht,
Nor for a poore mans profite ſiſht:
Doubtles his life, to man and wife,
Doth ſhow in him no chaunge:
But ſure, eche houre vnto his power,
Among the reſt, is Straunge.

Of worldly wealth, he makes no coumpt,
He wayes his honor more:
Love to his ſeruants doth ſurmount,
And to his tenaunts poore:
Of countrey ſtill, he taketh care,
And for the common wealth prepare:
Remembring well, that fame will tell,
What people loue to chaunge:
Therefore I ſay, this preſent day,
He may be called Straunge.

Death doubts he not, in Princes cauſes,
So true of faith is hee:
To ſerue and proſecute her lawes,
He cares not who they bee:
Refuſing neither night nor day,
All tydes, and tymes, he takes the way:

No

No fauor feare, no frend, nor foe,
Can caufe his mynde to chaunge,
No gayne nor payne, can tempt him fo,
And that is very Straunge.

If I fhould make report (quoth Fame)
Of halfe his golden giftes:
Except that Tullie were thy name,
Thy pen were put to fhiftes:
Go to therfore, and write (fayd fhe)
And I therewith abroad will flee:
And euery eare, of him fhall heare,
That neuer yet did chaunge:
But fure as rocke, and all his ftocke,
And that is onely Straunge.

He loueth men, much more then fheepe,
That fome doe moft delite:
He pities people poore that weepe,
When wrong hath wrought them fpite:
He gently heares their greeued caufes,
And doth with iuftice vfe the lawes:
By force he wayes no wight with power,
Nor mynde, with winde doth chaunge:
As many doe this prefente houre,
But now that is not ftraunge.

Not markes and pounds, but hawkes and hounds,
Is euer his defire:
He layes not gether poores mens grounds,
He is no countrey ftroyer:
He liues in loue, of rich and poore,
Sufficient he doth call his ftore:

Full

Full well knowes he, that men muſt dye,
And therefore will not chaunge:
But liues content, with auncient rent,
Which argues to be Straunge.

Thus did I write, and Fame indite,
Me thought that preſent tyme:
For in the ſenſe, I had delite,
To ſtudie euery line:
Loe this in ſleepe, me thought I heard,
Of Fame, which bad me take regard:
With painefull pen, to tell all men,
That it might neuer chaunge:
Then out of ſight, ſhe tooke her flight,
And bad me thinke of Straunge.

Then wakened I, with weeping eyes,
To call my Dreame to mynde:
Becauſe I ſee, ſuch men as theſe,
In England hard to finde:
Alas therefore, what ſhould I ſay,
It is the cauſe poore men decay:
Vice taketh place, for want of grace,
So many loue to chaunge:
Thus haue I pen'd, and alſo end,
My Dreame of Noble Straunge.

FINIS.

Verſes penned vpon the Etimologie of the Name and Title of the right vvorſhipfull Lady, the Lady Iulian Holcraft of the Vale Royall.

THe head which ſtill with ſtudie is oppreſt,
Of force muſt finde, ſome way to eaſe the ſame:
All trauellers muſt haue a tyme to reſt,
Or els their limmes, with wandring wilbe lame:
So I a weary ſitting at my booke,
Into the fieldes to walke the way I tooke.

High on a hill to mount I did delite,
To view a Royall Vale, that was below:
Where riuers run, with ſtreams as chriſtall white,
And pleaſant woods, about the ſame did ſhow:
Wherein did bounſe the Buck, with Hart, & Hynd,
The Faulconer ther for hawkes, may paſtime finde.

Eche ſpray was ſprouted out with buds,
Vpon the which Merula ſingeth ſweet:
The Ro Bucke roreth in the ſhrubs,
The fertill medowes, taſt of flowers ſweet:
Which vapurs did perfume the ſtarry ſkyes,
That from this vale ſo Royally doth riſe.

Loe thus bewrapt in viewing this proſpect,
The ſight I ſee, my ſenſe ſo ouer threw:
The chriſtall ſtreames, my eyes had ſo reflect,
The ioy thereof my iudgement ouerthrew:
That downe I ſate to ſtudie at the ſame,
Till Morpheus had my drowſie head ore'tane.

And

And thus a ſleepe to me approched neare,
A gallant Dame, preſenting great renowme:
Which ſayd ariſe thou ſlugg, why ſleep'ſt thou here,
Come goe with me, where thou ſhalt haue a roome:
I looked vp and did Melponia ſee,
I roſe and crau'd, her pardon on my knee.

Doubtles (quoth he) at Helicon thou art,
(Recorded thee) where thou ſhalt ſtill remayne:
But yet moe counſell take before we part,
In haſt prepare, thy pen for to proclayme
The vertuous life, a Lady leadeth here,
As dayly ſhall by iuſte reporte appeare.

In laſting letters, pen this Saras gift,
Whoſe mildnes may full well Rebecca teach:
And Rachels vertues, all would put to ſhift,
The ſteps ſhe treades no lyuing wight can rech:
From blooming youth, vnto theſe preſent dayes,
Of Alceſt, ſhe: doth iuſtly beare the kayes.

In heart ſo meeke with ſpotles thought is ſhe,
That wordes in waſt, be baniſht from her breſt:
No idle looke once glanceth from her eyes,
The poore mans plaints, to heare her eares are preſt:
Her liberall hand, doth hungry belly fill,
Who wants her helpe, ſhe is their comfort ſtill.

Vnto her frend, as ſure, as marble rocke,
To foe not yelding, but as reaſon will:
Of ſpeaches ſhe, both beares the key and locke,
In (tyme) to vſe all things, ſhe hath the ſkill:
In iudgement ſhe can play Apollos part,
A Goddeſſe ſhe might be, for lerned art.

Liue

Liue ſhe doth, in loue of rich and poore,
Her race ſo rarely run, hath not bene knowen:
Her lampe of light, thus burneth euermore,
With newes thereof, loe Fame her trump hath blowen,
At Heſpias, in chaire of ſtate this Dame
Hath cheefeſt place, for to aduance her name.

In worldly ſtormes ſhe beares her ſailes ſo well,
No ſuddaine blaſt can worke her any wracke,
From out her preſence vice ſhe doth expell,
And Vertue yet would neuer ſee him lacke:
Her iuſt deſerued praiſe ſhee doth not ſeeke,
She is ſo humble, and lowly in her ſprite.

And to the ſtranger ſtill ſhe hath regard,
To ſhowe ſuch courteſie as worſhip craues:
Her neighbors cauſe with her is euer heard,
Lo thus this Lady ſtill her ſelfe behaues.
She beares no minde that ſoreth in the ſkie,
Nor yet too lowe ſhe lifteth not to flie.

Not cankered Enuie can theſe words deny,
If Spite ſhould ſpeake, he muſt declare the ſame;
For Vertue vaunts her name into the ſkie,
With golden Trumpet, ſounded vp by Fame.
Would God therefore her daies ſhould euer laſt,
Then might a number think their ſorrowes paſt.

Her bloſſomes breede the fruites of noble ſtate,
Whoſe taſt doth comfort rich and poore theſe daies
By Natures works, of God theſe giftes they gate
That euery wight ſhould iuſtly ſpeak her praiſe:
At Helicon the Muſes do delight:
With golden pen this Ladies life to write.

Of

Of many vertues moe: I could declare,
To occupie thy pen, if Tully were thy name:
That wanting Tyme I am compeld to ſpare,
Behold Sir Phœbus doth confeſſe the ſame:
For now he batheth in the Occean Sea,
Which is the cauſe I muſt depart away.

Looke now therefore, thy pen doe witneſſe beare,
Melpomen ſaid, for ſo thy duetie is:
And make report what thou of me doeſt heare,
And tell the world that I commaund thee this.
For Juſtice euermore hath this regard,
That euery creature reape their due reward.

Doubt neither friend nor foe to ſpeak a trueth,
Conſider thou art bound by duetie much,
Remember Time will bring all things to prooffe,
And ſith it doth thus much thy credite touch,
For to diſcharge thy ſelfe from bearing blame,
Thy pen I wiſh to write upon this Dame.

And with theſe wordes ſhe vaniſhed away,
And I did wake foorth of this pleaſant dreame,
The night was come, and baniſht was the day,
The cloudes obſcur'd Dianas face with raine.
Then to my ſtudie ſtraight I did prepare,
This Ladies words Melpomen to declare.

Theſe are the newes, and all the newes I haue,
God ſend good newes this yeare, and euermore.
Our noble Queene the euerlaſting ſaue,
And God increaſe your Ladiſhip with ſtore,
God bleſſe my Lady Counteſſe, and her birth,
Her honor, and your worſhip long life with ioy & mirth.

FINIS.

Verſes

Verſes penned vpon the Etimologie of the name of the right VVorſhipfull, Sir Edmond Traffard, of Traffard, in the County of Lancaſter, Knight.

SUch was my hap of late to walk, the lofty hils to view,
For to reuiue my weary wits, which ſtudie ouerthrew:
And forth I paſt from high to higher, and ſo to th' height of all,
Where viewing of the countrey round, at length to mind did call
The wonders great, and workes of God: when all a Caos was,
And lapped vp vpon a lumpe, as hard as beaten braſſe.

In muſing at thoſe daies and theſe, my fleſh began to quake,
To call to minde the wretched waies, that worldly men do take:
And as I drowned was in dumps, came Morpheus with his mace,
So that my ſences did obey, and yeelded to his grace.
No ſooner thus aſleep, but ſtraight in drowſie dreame I ſee
A Lady ſwifter than the wind, call'd Time approching nie.

Riſe and awake (quoth ſhe) to me, why ſleep'ſt thou on this hill?
The wordes I ſpeake I charge thee ſtraight, record with painfull quill.
Then did ſhe ſhake a razor ſharpe, and with a frowning face,
And thretning ſpeach, ſhe ſaid the world ſhold ſuddainly giue place
For I am Time which executes the ſecrete will of God,
In euery age of wickedneſſe, by Time they feele the rod.

Els had not flouds ore'flowed the world, for vgly ſinfull vice,
If Time had not bin preſent ther, which cauſ'd thē play their prize
I Time ſhipt Noah into the Arke, and all the charge he had,
And I was ſhe firſt foūd him land by doues, which made him glad
Lo thus at firſt and euer ſince vnto this preſent houre,
By Time were builded Cities great with many a loftie tower.

Down

Down haue I caſt thē all againe, olde walles doe mencion make,
And Cities now, & buildings braue, I (Time) ſhal cauſe to quake.
Although the bragging Worldling raiſe his houſe into the aire.
I Time will vaniſh al away, as no ſuch thing were there,
My blade is whet, I wait but when to vſe the mortall edge:
On whom I light, my order is to haue the life in pledge:

My ſiſter Atrapos, the Poets do faine the fatall Dame,.
Who can doe nothing wanting Time, ſhee doth vſurpe my name:
Ne Lachices, nor Clotho can the diſtaffe dreſſe at all,
But when that I doe point the Time, they come when I doe call:
So that I Time doe beare record from firſt vnto the laſt,
Of preſent daies, of daies to come, and daies that now are paſt:

Of yong and olde, of rich and poore, the vertue Time doth prooue,
On whom to waite, both king and Prince, and all eſtates behooue:
No ſtate can ſtart by night or day, that Time can not eſpie,
Nor ſecret ſhift ſo cloſely lapt, but Time the trueth ſhall trie:
I Time therefore am come to thee, of wonders great to tell,
Therefore it ſtands thee much vpon, to vſe thy pen as well.

Doubt not to write, what I declare, nor feare not who ſhall ſee
What drops fall from thy painfull pen, but beare thy ſelfe by me:
For lo (ſaid Time) the fire burnes that Mars hath ſet on fire,
See now his cruell mortall blade, that blood doth ſtill deſire:
The fearfull ſkrikes of innocents, from far doeſt thou not heare:
Remedileſſe (alas) they crie, and die in deepe diſpaire.

And now behold how hūger haunts with cheeks both pale & leane,
This bloudy butcher furious Mars, and all his wicked traine:
And greedy ſpoile, ſpares not to ſpill, to pray on others good,
Rauening Rape with maid and wife runs headlong to the wood—
For Fauor flies, and force takes place, and vice doth vertue kill,
Fained Friendſhip now layes on lurtch, his faithful friend to ſpil.

And

And Shift in ſhackles now inuents to kick againſt the ſpur,
And yet Diſſembling euery day, lies coutching like a cur:
Reuenge is feeing of his friends, in hope to haue a day,
But ſee where Iuſtice is at hand, his guerdon for to pay.
Death doth prouide dame Peſtilence, to worke the later woe,
Likewiſe deſtruction, with his frends, doe wiſh it to be ſo.

Know this (ſayd ſhe) moe plagues then theſe are comming neare at hand,
No creature liuing but ſhall feele, the ſame on ſea and land:
In top of all their worldly truſt, ſhall come the wofull newes,
Great terror in the hearts of mē, whē God theſe whips ſhall vſe:
Time ſhal try all, this is moſt true: the Scripture ſaith the ſame,
Therfore I charge thee ſend abroad, theſe ſayings in my name.

Now riſe (quoth ſhe) and turne thy face towards the Occean ſea,
A triple foorded riuer ſhall, direct thy ready way:
Where thou ſhalt finde Antiquitie, the maker of the place,
Whoſe name hath bene Tyme out of mynde, before the conqueſt was:
Thus ſodenly ſhe tooke her flight, and vaniſhed away,
And I in trembling feare did wake, not knowing what to ſay.

Sith dreames be vayne, of Poets pennes, and Fables of delite,
So doe I pray, that all proue falſe, that heare I did indite:
Beſeeching God with Neſtors age, your worſhip may increaſe,
With health, and wealth, and Newe yeares ioy, and ſo my pen doth ſeaſe.

FINIS.

Verſes

Verſes penned vpon the Etimologie of the name of the right vvorſhipfull Maiſter Peter Leigh, heire apparant to the valiaunt Gentleman, Sir Peter Leigh, of the linne, Knight.

PEruſing auncient bookes of late,
I founde a ſtorie ſtraunge:
Which told me that, the earthly ſtate,
Should haue a ſoden chaunge:
And all that is, ſhould nothing bee,
Whereat I muſed maruellouſlye.

Erſte neuer was my barren brayne,
So ſodenly be rapt:
For to perceiue that all was vayne,
I thought it great miſhap:
Sith once I thought the world ſhould laſt,
To heare deſtruction, made me baſht.

Thus as I muſed at the ſame,
My wearie wittes, with ſtudie toild:
By Morpheus, meanes a ſleepe did frame,
Leaſt Naturs gifts, ſhould haue bene ſpoild:
But as I ſlept, a dreame full rare,
I had, which greeues me to declare.

Enuironde round about was I,
From loftie ſkyes, with golden gleymes;
Wherein I ſaw, a Goddes flye:
Thriſe ſwifter then Syr Neptuns ſtreames,
A razour in her hand ſhe bare:
And fiercely did theſe wordes declare.

Remember

Remember well (quoth ſhe) to me,
Make ready pen, and inck, to write:
The wordes that now I ſpeake to thee,
Sith that I know, thou can indite:
Tyme is my name, young once I was,
Though now, I weare and waſt alas.

Loe I am ſhe that preſent was,
When Heauen, Earth, and Seas were made:
From age, to age, what came to paſſe,
Vnto this houre I know the trade:
Although that worldlings Tyme forget,
Yet to accompts I call their det.

Els thoſe that fleete, and flow in wealth,
Would quite deuour the poorer ſorte:
Sith might alwayes forgets himſelfe,
And makes of wrong a common ſport:
I Tyme therfore this bloudy knife,
Doe beare vnwares, to ſhut their life.

In Tyme that's paſt, what Cities great,
Whoſe walles, and towers ſcald the ſkyes:
Were mounted vp, to be the ſeat,
For earthly Gods, this Scripture tryes:
Which lyeth now layd loe with ſoyle,
And who but Tyme, that made the ſpoyle.

Great caſtles to defend the foe,
With walles of force, long ſith were built:
Their towers torne, doth plainly ſhoe,
That Tyme compeld them for to yeld:
Whoſe ruine doth theſe dayes declare,
That Tyme bids euery man prepare.

Haue

Haue I not bene, the cauſe (quoth Tyme)
That euery man theſe dayes doth build:
Whoſe pride therein, ſo farre doth ſhyne,
That all the poore thereby are ſpild:
But as their goodes, is now their God,
I Tyme therefore, ſhall bring a rod.

Erſte ſuch a whippe as I ſhall bring,
From mightie Ioue, was neuer feel'd:
I all their buildings downe will ſling,
To flee themſelues, ſhall be compeld:
The ſword ſhall vengeance take for ſinnes,
And thoſe ſhall loſe, theſe dayes that winnes.

So that if Ouid were aliue,
The metaphor would paſſe his pen:
The father, and the ſonne, ſhall ſtriue,
And ſharpe reuenge conſume all men:
The Tenaunt ſhall his Landlord hate,
And neighbours be at great debate.

So Loue, and Charitie, ſhall waſt,
Pride, and Enuie, ſhall increaſe:
And pure chaſtitie, diſplaſt,
But whoredome, he, ſhall neuer ſeace:
And Vſurie, ſhall fill his baggs,
While poore Tromtroth doth walke in raggs.

Quit voide of grace (quoth Tyme) I ſee,
The greateſt number, at this day:
For Symon Magus, ſubtilly,
By cloaked craft, can catch his pray:
The world runs headlong after gayne,
Whoſe pleaſure Tyme ſhall turne to payne:

Vndoubtedly

Vndoubtedly this rafour ſharpe,
(quoth Tyme) ſhall preſently diſpatch:
Yet none ſhall know, when to depart,
No where, nor when, I make the match:
But ſodenly the threed I cut,
Thus worldly ioyes, by me are ſhut.

You ſee (quoth Tyme) the alteration,
You ſee, how lucar leades the way:
You ſee, theſe dayes, abhomination,
By errour, faith you ſee decay
By bribes, true iuſtice blinded is,
By following will, ſome wade amiſſe.

Edelfla now, deceiueth vs,
By outward ſignes and alſo ſhoe,
Faire wordes be framed marueilous,
To worke the hearers griefe and woe.
But now ſaid Time, the day's at hand,
All things ſhall waſt on ſea and land:

Reuenge from ſkies with fiery flames,
Shall now at hand deuour and waſt
All mortall men vnto their ſhames,
Except where grace and vertue's plaſt.
Thoſe that beleeue, and God doe feare,
As Angels then ſhall ſtraight apeare.

And with theſe wordes ſhe tooke her flight,
And bad me boldly write the ſame:
When Time was gone I was afright,
For all the world me thought did flame:
With Thunder then the earth did quake,
Which wofull thing did cauſe me wake.

FINIS.

Verſes

Verſes penned vpon the Etimoligie of the name of the right vvorſhipful, M. Thomas Leigh of Adlington, in the Countie of Cheſter, Eſquire: purporting the nature of Time.

THe thorny thumps that Thought did thacke within my wofull breaſt
Had pincht me ſo, that Nature crau'd for help to purchaſe reſt.
Of ſtudious works I weary was, into the fieldes I fled:
My purpoſe was by wholſome aire, for to refreſh my head.
And as I wandred vp and downe, vnder a buſh I ſate,
Some ſecrete thing me thought that time, came in my painful pate.

Lo thus at laſt with muſing much, a ſleepe came in my eie,
Erſt neuer ſuch a dreame I had, nor thing ſo ſtrange did ſee
I ſaw a Lady called Time, which flew as ſwift as winde,
Geue eare (quoth ſhe) for preſently I will expreſſe my mind.
Haue care vnto my ſpeech (ſaid ſhe) and mark my ſayings well:

Els out of wiſdomes worthy waies I muſt thy wits expell.
See here the wings wherwith I fly, behold the knife I beare.
See here the preſent ſpeed I make: yet Time no man doth feare.
Quite void of care I ſee the world, they mount with Icarus now,
Vndoubtedly ſo that they gaine, to get they care not how.
Yet I Dame Time will call to count the ſtouteſt of them all,
And giue vnto the loftieſt mind, a troubleſome tombling fall.
Remember Time began all thinges, at firſt when all was made,

Time

Time at the laſt ſhall cauſe againe al thinges to waſt and fade.
Haue I not caſt Ieruſalem vnto the ſlymy ſoyle:
Of worldly welth I make but duſt, though worldlings daily toile
My nature is as I began, ſo for to make an end,
And cauſe in time both quick and dead both for to bow and bend.
Such is my nature, that I muſt make tryal of all trueth,

Looke from the firſt vnto the laſt, let ancient bookes be prooffe.
Erected I haue Cities great, ſo haue I Caſtles ſtrong,
In euery part of all the world, theſe buildings lie along.
Great is my force, let Scripture iudge, which ſaith al things ſhal waſt,
How can the greateſt kingdome then eſcape my force at laſt.

Els worldlings wold ſtill brag and boſt vpon their good and land.
So I dame Time ſhould haue the tant which haue thē in my hand
Such buildings now be mounted vp by ſuch as feare no fall,
Quite void of care the builders be, to leaue the ſame at all,
Vntill I Time with razor ſharpe, do cut their vital thred.
I ſee there is not any now, the latter day doth dread.
Eſteeme they doe their goods and lands, and Time to come forget
Remēbring not that Time at laſt ſhall cauſe them pay their det.

Mark but how hours waſteth daies, and daies the weeks deuoure
And weekes conſume meneths you ſee by prooued proofs ech houre.
And moneths do ſwallow vp the yeare, & years do conſume men.
Al this doth chance by me dame Time, yet who knows where or when?

And with this ſpeach ſhe took her flight, and bad me take my penne.
For to record the words ſhe ſpake, and publiſh to al men:
But when I ſaw that Time was paſt, alas ſhe greeu'd me ſore:
That I in Time did not take Time, I dayly weepe therefore.

Thus

Thus haue you hearde my drowſie dreame, though Time be gone
and fled,
And I her ſayings ſtill record within my heart and head.

FINIS.

A Pſalme pend vpon the Etimologie of the name of the right Worſhipfull, Thomas Leigh of Adlington, in the Countie of Cheſter, Eſquire: To the note or tune of, *Domine ne in furore,* Pſalme VI.

THy mercie Lord, my faith perſwades,
although my ſinnes be red:
How I ſhall be made free to thee:
by Chriſtes blood that's ſhed,
Of all my wandring wilfull dayes
and rechleſſe rudefull toyes:
My faithfull hope is for to mount,
to thee in laſting ioyes.

And as I wickedly did ſinne,
I faithfully repent:
Such is thy mercie that I knowe,
my teares ſhall thee content.
Loe heare my teares the witneſſe is,
my ſin doth grieue me ſore:
Eſteeme O Lord my wofull plaintes,
I truſt t'offend no more.

In

In thee my onely hope remaines,
on thee is all my ſtay:
Geue eare vnto my wofull cries,
when I ſhall paſſe away.
Haue minde vpon thy mercy Lord,
forget thy wrath and yre,
Erect my Spirite into thy bliſſe,
I humbly thee deſire.

Els all my teares and grieuous plaintes
returne without rewarde:
So ſhall I weare, and waſt in woe,
my cries ſhall not be heard:
Seeme not therefore to turne thy face,
accept my wofull ſuite:
Quit me from Sathans nets and ſnares,
his traps good Lord confute.
Vnto thy Majeſty O Lord,
I dedicate my ſelfe:
Yeeld I doe my ſoule to thee,
and leaue the world my wealth.
Accept thereof, thou glorious God,
thus ſtill on thee I crie:
Reuenge not Lord, but mercie haue,
and neuer let me die.

All glory be vnto thy name:
and to thy onely ſonne:
And to the holy Ghoſt, with whom
to vs thy kingdome come.

FINIS.

Verſes

Verſes penned vpon the Etimologie of the name of the right vvorſhipfull Lady, the Ladie Marie Edgarton of Ridley, in the Countie of Cheſter.

THe toyled minde and weary wit that ſtudy doth oppreſſe,
Nature mooueth many waies, the ſame for to redreſſe:
Which cauſed me to leaue my booke, my ſences to reuiue,
And wandring, walked heare and there, the time away to driue.

High vp a hill with wearie ſteps, the haughtie rockes I ſcal'd,
Among the which I heard a voice, that ſore my heart appald:
Among the ſhrubs I ſhrouded was, where in a trance I ſate,
Or els ſome drouſie dreame it was, that then and there I gate.

Erſt was I neuer in the like, for there me thought I ſee,
An armed man with bloody blade with ſpeed approched ny:
His face as fierce as flames of fire, his hands imbrewd in blood;
And like a Lion in his rage, before me ſtamping ſtood.

Lo here (quoth he) my name is Mars, that am the bloody God,
The gleids that glow within my breaſt, breeds miſcheefe al abrode
Kings and kingdomes by the ears I dayly vſe to ſet,
Murther is the thing I craue, and peace I ſtill forget.

And now (ſaid he) pull forth thy pen, and write my ſayings all,
For preſently a wonder great, appeare before thee ſhall:
Se here (quoth he) Megera comes with crawling ſnaky haire,
Lo in the boſomes of the beſt, ſhe throwes them here and there.

Doſt

Doſt thou not ſee what wrath ſhe works, that lurketh cloſe in breſt
And doeſt not view what kingdomes I to mortall war haue dreſt
The Meſſenger I am (quoth he) that Iupiter doth ſend,
to execute his wrath on ſuch, that doe his Grace offend.

In vttering of theſe wordes to me, far of I did beholde,
How Spoile was cōming & his mates with al the ſpeed they could
Whereat the ſkrikes of innocents, with wiues & virgins cries.
And grieuous grones of murthered men did pierce the ſtarry ſkies

My fleſh did tremble at the ſight, to ſee the Flames of fire,
The robbery of both rich and poore, Diſtruction did deſire,
And vgly monſtrous Rauiſhment defilde both maid and wife,
The worldly Muckſcraps for their goods did daily looſe their life.

And then came deſperation poſt, to put the reſt in feare,
And grudging Griefe and future foes, cauſ'd many to diſpaire,
Yea Hunger haunted armour bright, with cheeks both pale and lean
And pierceth through the ſturdy ſteele, and wrought a mortal pain.

Reuenge as greedy as a gripe, made hauocke where he came,
Diſtruction with his naked blade. diſtroyed many a man:
Dearth was lodg'd in euery houſe, and kept both land and ſeas,
And almoſt all both olde and young bewaild the wofull daies.

In all thys hurlyburly there, Loue ſhrank his neighbours all,
And charitie was chac'd away. Pride ſlipt and had a fall:
Myrth in euery nooke did mourne, and pleaſure pained ſore,
Tom Troth was ſworne for to depart the place for euermore.

Enuiron'd round about was peace with bloody men of war:
Of Charity obſcured was the blazing lampe and ſtar,
And Peſtilence as fier red, the ſtouteſt cauſ'd to ſtoope,
That Lamentation wrang his handes the countrey round about,

Death

Death was the laſt that laid on lurtch, the finall end to make:
and for a brag, his bloody dart about his head did ſhake:
(quoth he) behold, theſe miſchieue mates that on S. Mors attend,
Gainſt whom no creature can preuale, til I diſpatch their end.

Great were the brags that Mars did make, and fierce his fury was.
and ſware an oth with preſent ſpeed all this ſhould come to paſſe:
Then did he turne himſelfe about, and Albion Isle he thrate,
Which was of Mars no ſooner ſaid, but forraine foes heard that:

Els had I ſlept a longer ſleepe vpon that haughty hill.
But that the roring Cannons voice me thought was thūping ſtil.
And noyſe of armed men was ſuch, that (alfright) I wakte,
Thus raſhly ruſhing vp for feare, from thence my way did take,

Refuſing neither hedge nor ditch, nor ſparing thick nor thyn,
No ſtep ſo foule my ſpeedy feete made ſpare to ſtep within:
Thus runninng raſhly in this race, with panting brethles breath,
I reſted by a pleaſant poole, faſt by a litle heath.

Thus reuoluing with myſelfe what were the beſt to doo,
Whether to tell this dreame or no, ſith dreames be call'd vntrue:
Which maz'd my mind with triple trance what way were beſt to
This dream for to reueile, or els to dround in Lethea lake [take,

Of th'one and th'other being baſht: the liklieſt way to chuſe,
At length thought good to pen my dreame, in ſteed of better newes
Beſeeching God to bleſſe this Iſle from Mars and all his mates,
And graunt vs peace, God ſaue our Queene and al the noble ſtates.

No other newes for this new yeare I can your worſhip tell,
But that I truſt in ſpite of Mars that all things ſhall be well,
Beſeeching God that ſits to iudge, to guyde your dayes in peace,
With health, long life, and ioyfull years, and worſhip to increaſe.

FINIS.

Verſes

Verſes penned vpon the Etimologie of the name of the right Worſhipful, M. Peter Warberton of Arley, in the Countie of Cheſter, Eſquire.

PRepare a place aboue the ſkies,
Where Angels reſt in ioy:
Out of all mundane thoughts ariſe,
Which workes the ſoules annoy,
Of Time watch well the ſtealing ſteps,
Take heed of youth that age forgets,
All thinges haue time, by power deuine,
And Time conſumeth all,
She hath cut off the mightieſt kinges,
And ſo the reſt ſhe ſhall.

Emperour, King and Kaiſar ſhe
Doth mount vpon the ſtage,
And all that ſhall aduaunced be,
Time raiſeth in ech age.
So Time diſmountes them all againe,
Some from great ioy, to ſhame and paine,
Thus rich and poore ſhe euermore
Cuts off both great and ſmall:
The Captaine ſtout and all his rout
Shee ſpoyles, and euer ſhall.

Therefore watch well, this haſtie Dame,
That makes thys mortall ſpeede:
As all our Parents felt the ſame,
With vs ſhe will proceede:

Time

Time flies apace ſhe taries not,
She grantes no grace if men forgot,
At firſt ſhe is as ſugar ſweete,
But ends like bitter gall,
Let Worldlinges watch that be aſleepe,
For Time no doubt they ſhall.

Remember Tyme, built Cities great,
Which now is wildernes:
With many a coſtly and ſtately ſeat,
That now conſumed is:
And Tyme, theſe dayes builds many bours,
Which ſhall in Tyme, be none of ours:
For as the ſeas, doth ebbe and floe,
So Tyme doth with vs all:
Now chuſe who thinks of Tyme or noe,
All thinges conſume ſhe ſhall.

Who marketh Tyme, in theſe our dayes,
Her workes be wondrous ſtraunge:
For thoſe that erſte did beare the keyes,
By Tyme doth office chaunge:
And from the hall, to kitchin comes,
And at the length, bide fortuns domes:
As captiue ſtand, to hold vp hand,
To liue or dye at all:
Who can preuaile: when Tyme doth deale,
Which will conſume and ſhall.

And doth not Tyme make infants ſtrong,
Of young and tender age:
When ſix and thirtie yeare hath ſprong,
Theſe luſtie blouds on ſtage:

Marke

Marke Tyme when all this race is run,
Vnlooked for croukt age doth come:
And by no meanes but onely Tyme,
Therfore lets watch her all:
Sith downe ſhe caſteth, ſuch as clyme,
And euermore ſhe ſhall.

Right thus of age, Tyme maketh duſt,
And ſo ſhe doth of youth:
And Tyme ſtill tryes, all things that's iust,
And brings vs all to prooffe:
And Tyme ſhall at the later day,
The filthy factes of men bewray:
Not ſparing one, nor leauing now,
But to accompts bring all:
And thus hath ſhe perſwaded mee,
She doth and euer ſhall.

Els could not now, the world be old,
Which at the firſt was young:
For Tyme, her ſelfe now waxeth cold,
Her limmes be not ſo ſtrong:
As in her firſt beginning ſhe,
Nor halfe of Nature francke and free:
Her loftie lookes, I read in bookes,
Beginneth for to fall:
Her galland cheare, begins to weare,
Yet ſhe ſhall end us all.

Remember then all thinges begun,
Muſt haue an end at laſt:
For when the vitall, threed is ſpun,
The mortall knife makes haſt:

For

For Altropos doth tend on Tyme,
As wayting mayde by power diuine:
Vnlooked for, or men be ware,
She breakes both heart and gall:
And when ſhe ſmiles ſhe worketh wiles,
For to conſume vs all.

Thus trudgeth Tyme and tarrieth not,
To tend vpon her pray:
And layes her ſnares, in the euery plot,
To twitch all ſtates away:
Therefore iudge if the world be vayne,
That greedy gapeth, ſtill for gayne.
One brother ſelleth now an other,
And worldly wealth rules all:
But Tyme doth watch, for to diſpatch,
For ſo at length ſhe ſhall.

Of this beware, and marke it well,
For Tyme, is now at hand:
That Tyme all pleaſures ſhall expell,
Aſwell by ſea as land:
Not one but all, ſhall taſt of woe,
Of very force, it muſt be ſoe:
Els ſinne, would ſincke, and vice would drinke,
The workes of vertue all:
So Tyme conſumes, thoſe that preſumes,
Loe thus ſhe doth and ſhall.

Such is the force of Tyme ye ſee,
Such is the ende of all:
Here may we ſee that vanitie,
Doth worke our mortall thrall:

Quite

Quite now your ſelues, from worldly mucke,
Leaſt Tyme vnlookt your liues to plucke:
Vndoubtedly in Tyme fore ſee,
To win the way to reſt:
And helpe the poore, which is the ſtore,
For which God thinkes you bleſt.

If Tyme cut of, all liuing thinges,
And ſtill bringes all to nought:
And ſhall to iudgement bring the kinges,
Aſwell for deede, as thought:
Then let the meaner ſtats take heed,
To watch and pray with preſent ſpeed:
Els in the ſnares, of Tyme vnwares,
We muſt to iudgement all:
Remember this, great neede it is,
For Tyme conſume vs ſhall.

FINIS.

Verſes penned vpon the Etimologie of the name of the right vvorſhipfull George Brereton of Aſhly in the Countie of Cheſter Eſquyre.

GRace growes and ſprings, where vertue vaunts her ſelfe,
Els wicked men, would ſwallow all by wealth:
On euery man, God doth his gifts beſtow,
Regarding moſt where vertue ſeemes to grow:
Great is his mercy to vs euery hower,
Els how could Dauid, conquere Saules great power.

Beware therefore, of Mydas wicked mynde,
Refuſe the world, whoſe pleaſures men doth blind:
Erect thy ſteps, in grace and vertues pathe,
Remember that in wiſedomes well thou bath:
Eſteeme no wretch, whoſe tongue ſhal paint or gloze,
There pick-thanke pranks, ſhall but thy worſhip loſe:
Of friendes to come, it's vaine to hope too much,
Nor preſent friendes, their frendſhip greatly tutch.

Enter not where doubtes are of returne,
So needes not care, though after claps doe ſpurne:
Such wiſedome warely, ſhall prouide thy way,
Quite from the ſnares, that ſhould thy ſtate decay:
Vnto the poore ſtretch out thy ſtretched hand,
In Princes cauſe, looke faithfully thou ſtand:
And pitie ſtill where power hath oppreſt,
Remember this, and men ſhall thinke thee bleſt.

FINIS.

Verſes

Verſes vpon Ieffrey Shackarley of Holme and Shackarley, Eſquyer.

IN preſent bliſſe, watch warely future harmes,
Els Sirces ſhall bewitch thee, with her charmes:
Flye from the ſteps, of ſuch as feare not God,
For els offenders iuſtly feel his rod:
Regard that man, that plainly telleth truth,
And baniſh those, that fabling flatterie ſooth,
Yeld curtesie to them that gentle are.

So Truth thy worſhip, ſhall abroad declare,
Haue no regard to lend thy eares to ſuch:
As ſhall with lyes true faithfull meaning touch,
Condemne no man, till thou his aunſwere heare:
Know this by Scripture, iuſtice hath no peare!
Conſider patience proueth, vertues mynde:
And worſhip worketh euer after kinde,
Remember them, that craue for Chriſtes ſake:
Leaſt God his gifts, away from thee ſhall take,
Endure firme in fayth, obſeruing law,
Yeld to thy Prince, a iuſt obedient awe.

Doe thus and ſo, the golden trumpe of Fame,
By true report, ſhall iuſtly ſay the ſame.

FINIS.

Verſes

Verſes vpon Maiſter Hugh Sharkerly, the ſonne and heire of the ſayd Ieffray, Eſquyer.

HAue patience preſent, when wrath would wreke his will,
Els wiſedome wants, that guideth men from ill:
When youthfull toyes, would raſhly rule the rayne,
Geue eare to age, who tels that all is vayne:
Haue care to watch the world and feare no foe.

So wiſedome ſhall, thy witte declare and ſhow:
Haunt not the steps, where Cupid leads the way,
And let no toung, thy counſell once bewray:
Conceile nothyng, that duetie bids reueile,
Know subiects muſt, nothing from Prince conceale:
Conſtraine no man, not more then power is,
And heare no pick-thanks, telling that and this:
Reach to the poore, that craue for Chriſtes ſake,
Let reaſon rule, when will would hauocke make:
Endure ſure as all thy ſtocke hath done,
In doing ſo thou ſhineſt like the ſunne.

FINIS.

Vpon

Vpon Maiſter Ieffray Shackcarley Eſquyre.

IN Fortunes frendſhip watch her chaunging face,
Els ſodenly, ſhe may diſmount the beſt:
For thoſe that moſt, doe ſtand within her grace,
From age to age, haue cauſe to truſt her leaſt:
A prooffe too playne, looke whom ſhe luls in lap,
You ſee at length, ſhe ſpoyles with ſome miſhap.

She ſetteth ſome, on throne of ſtately ſeat,
Higher then the reſt, on golden mounts to vaunt:
And yet at laſt, proues but a poyſoned bayt,
Compounde with guile, the worldlings to inchaunt:
Know this of Fortune, where ſhe ſeemes to ſmile,
Cuſtome there doth teach her worke a wyle:
And thoſe that in her flouds, hoyſe ſayles the hexte
Reuenging ſtill themſelues vpon their foes:
Loe ſodenly there miſcheues fall is next,
Entrapt with ſnares, that workes moſt wofull woes,
You ſee that Fortune, faileth none but ſuch.

As in theſe dayes, doe truſt her ouer much.

FINIS.

Lenuoy.

Lenuoy.

WHen raging flouds, of ſurging ſeas be hext,
And Boreas blaſtes, againſt the rocks doth ruſh:
The preſent fall, by Nature is the next,
And quiet calmes remaines in euery buſh,
So likewiſe ſuch, as Fortune fauoreth moſt:
By her diſpleaſure, sodenly is loſt.

FINIS.

Verſes penned vpon the Ethimologie of the name of the right vvorſhipful Lady: The Lady Iulian Holcraft, of the Vale Royall.

THe golden trump, that Fame doth ſound,
Proclaimes to euery eare:
Where vertue is, for to be found,
By workes it doth appeare:
As gold commends, the precious ſtone,
So worſhip ſhowes, her ſelfe alone:

As

As Phœbus doth exceede a ſtarre,
So gentlenes doth ſhow:
How can Dame Fortune mount more harre,
Then place her darlings ſo.

Enuie nor ſpite can not preuayle,
Where vertue vaunts with grace:
Old auncient wrath of force ſhall faile,
And vices ſhall geue place:
Where worſhip worthily ſhall ſhow,
There iust report, the Fame ſhall blow:
And euery eare, ſuch newes ſhall heare,
As due deſert doth craue:
Loe Ladyes all, behold you ſhall,
Who ought moſt honor haue.

A Dame well deckt with modeſtie,
As worſhip doth behoue:
And garmentes lynde with lenitie,
When patience liſt to proue:
With ſtomachers, of pure pitie,
And head geare, that is wiſe and wittie:
And liberall myndes, all people binds,
To honor ſuch in hart:
Doe thus and then, the harts of men,
You win in euery part.

In ſtormes, when wiſedome is the cloake,
No blaſt can blemiſh ſuch:
This is the way for to prouoke,
Your Fame the ſkyes to touch:
Vnto the poore, ſtretch out your hands,
God ſhall your ſtore, increaſe, and lands:

Loue

Loue them that plainly tels you true,
And baniſh golden ſpeach:
Pick thankes miſchief dayly brew,
And all mens harts they ſigh.

Yeld not, vnto a cruell foe,
Where truth is on your ſide;
And warely watch a friend to know,
That ſtedfaſtly will byde:
And where you may reuenge in deede,
Let mercy preſently proceede:
Nothing doth pleaſe, the Lord alwayes,
So much as mercy ſtill:
For mercy binds, all noble myndes,
To ſaue and not to ſpil.

Haue mynde that all that is begun,
Muſt haue an ende at laſt:
The end, no King, nor Prince, can ſhunne,
Sith Time all thinges will waſt,
Of Time her trade you ſee it ſtill,
Time buildeth all, and giues the fall,
To all things quicke and dead:
The lucky life is to be wiſht,
The end is to be dread.

Lo here the fruits of vertues rare,
That in one lady is:
Conceiue the ſame, and ſtraight prepare,
For worſhip teacheth this,
Remember where is courtesie,
That riſeth of gentilitie:

Of

Of mercie, grace and charitie,
Comes bleſſings of the Lord.
For if theſe want aſſuredly,
They ſtill remaine abhorr'd.

Beholde how vertue beares the keyes,
That vnto bliſſe doth lead,
A Lady liuing at theſe daies,
Whoſe worſhip Fame doth ſpread,
Her name I will not now expreſſe,
Sith iuſt report doth all confeſſe.
But as I prooued, ſo I praiſe,
And will doe till I die,
Her liberall hand her heart bewraies,
Aboue the ſtarrie ſkie.

God bleſſe her ſtill from time to time,
From dangers, woe, and paine,
That ſhe in worſhip ſtill may ſhine,
And long in health remaine:
And God protect her noble birth
Long for to liue in ioy and mirth.
And that their honors may increaſe,
As ſand vpon the Sea,
And this to pray I will not ceaſe,
But call on God God alwaies.

FINIS.

The

The laſt Dreame that Morpheus did ſhovve vnto the Author, vvas of a Lambe, that appeared vnto him, and ſeemed as though he ſpake for the Time, by the prouidence of the Gods: as followveth.

LAſt at my booke in ſtudie where I ſate,
My wits worne weak, my ſence was groſe and lame,
A droſie dump began to pierce my pate,
That in mine eie, a ſleepe began to frame:
Which when I ſpied, yet reaſon bad me riſe,
And ſluggiſh ſleepe alwaies for to diſpiſe.

To ſhun that ſloothfull vice my hauke I tooke,
I calde my Spannels, and to the field I went:
A flight to finde, both brake and buſh I ſhooke,
till too and fro, three howers full were ſpent:
Thus wandring long, my Spannels found of game,
And I made haſt with ſpeede to flie the ſame.

The Partridge ſprang, my hauke fled from my fiſt.
With open Jawes my Spanniels cried the game,
With ſpeedy foote, no hedge nor ditch I miſt,
Through thicke and thin I ran, to ſee the ſame.
But out of ſight both hauke and Partridge flew,
Till I by following, into a Deſert drew.

And being thus in vncouth place not knowen,
Both Hawke and Spanneils loſt and from me fled:

And

And I with toylling trauell ouerthrowen,
Dame Nature came, and thus vnto me ſayd:
Preſerue thy ſelfe (quoth ſhe) thy hawke is gone,
And take ſome reſt, for other helpe is none.

To whom I did obey and downe I ſat,
Vpon a bancke and leaned to a thorne:
And reſted there till Morpheus hit my pat,
With his drowſie mace, & ſaid to me in ſcorne:
Well met Faukoner, what haue you kild to day,
Cho ho hath croken bill, her maiſter left aſtray?

Let Hawkes and Spanels packe and follow me,
(Quoth he) for now thou ſhalt in deede attend:
Although thou meant, gainſt duetie from me flee,
I pardon thee, although thou did offend:
So many times though I haue troubled thee,
This is the laſt, I promiſe faithfully.

Thus like a lump or clod of clay I was,
For why? my vitall ſprite with Morpheus went,
For to behold what he would bring to paſſe,
With weary ſteps to wait I was content,
Til at the laſt a Lambe did vs approche,
Who did thys ſentence brauely to vs broch.

Que brantare la fe, es cauſa muy fea.

Which wordes made me no little for to muſe,
To heare a Lambe in language ſtrange to ſay,
Thoſe that breake faith, do all the Gods abuſe,
And are detected at the latter day.
Then ſayd this Lambe, ſith Robinſon is here,
Before he paſſe ſome wiſdome ſhall he leare,

Wel

Wel ſaid my Lambe (quoth Morpheus) let vs heare,
Some ſayings graue out off Experience ſchoole:
Sith thou his Scholler, learned many a yeare,
And hath bene Vſher for to ſee good rule,
I pray thee now vnto my Clearke declare,
The flatterers feats, and ſee that none thou ſpare.

And with theſe wordes he mounted ore a hill,
And Lambe and me left by a riuer ſide,
Stay, ſtay (quoth Lambe) reſt here and if thou wil,
Til of my ſpeach thou haue experience tride,
And ſaying thus, he ſtept into his caue,
And brought a glaſſe of Skill exceeding braue.

Lo here (quoth Lambe) and then began to bleit,
And made me ſignes to looke within the glaſſe:
Here maiſt thou ſee (ſaid he) of deepe deceit,
The total ſum, I meane of more and leſſe.
And by the ſame before thou paſſe ſhalt prooue,
Who is thy friend, and who diſſembleth loue.

I greedily the glaſſe began to graſpe,
Wherein I ſaw a number that I knew,
With honnied mouths, yet natur'd like the waſpe.
That at the length their ſtings againſt me threw
But yet I did diſſemble all the while,
Becauſe I would perceiue their fraude and guile.

Then looking ſtil within thys glaſſe I ſee
The loftie lookes of ſome that ſpake me faire,
And in their friendſhip ſo imbraced me,
That outwardly true meaning did appeare,
When Morpheus Lambe perceiu'd I did thē truſt
Take heed betime (quoth he) they are vniuſt.

Theſe

Theſe are Camallians that change to euery color
They ſhowe like gold, but inward worſe than braſſe,
Looke what they promiſe makes no purſe the fuller,
As by experience proofe declares no leſſe.
Of forrein frayes they tell a bloudy tale,
But commonly they quarrell with good ale,

Therefore (ſayd he) truſt not an alehouſe frend,
Beleeue them not that are accuſtomed to lye:
A boaſting ſouldiours tale, hath neuer end,
And flattering wordes, be falſe ſo ſhalt thou try:
Rough trees, rough fruit, rough taſt doe beare,
See vice and vertue ſhowes, in whom they doe appeare.

And therefore truſt not the vntruſtie man,
To doe and ſay, doth differ much ye know:
Great difference is, twixt Orpheus ſkill and Pan,
You know the ſenſe, what neede I more to ſhow:
And therefore he, that violateth fayth,
I worthy as I ſayd to ſuffer death.

Stay yet ſayd Lambe, behold more of this glaſſe,
See where one bounſeth in a players gowne:
Furde like a foole, as nice as ere ſhe was,
The braueſt tipling tib, that is within the towne:
While ſhe at tick tacke, tryes to proue her chaunce,
Her huſband is content, a hornpipe for to daunce.

She is well cuſtom'd, both with rich, and poore,
Fye of Gentillitie, for ſhe can ſpeake no French:
Which blemiſheth, her banner, and craks her credit ſore,
And yet notwithſtanding, ſhe is a bounſing wench,
She dayly doth vſurpe, a Gentlewomans name:
I liſt to ſpeake no more of her, for bearing blame.

And

And with theſe wordes this Lambe agayne did bleyte,
And as it ſeem'd by countenaunce morned much:
And ſayd oh fooliſh Poliphils drowned in conceite,
Why thinke you of your ſelues, as though there were none ſuch:
You play Sabinas part, that proud laſciuious Dame,
Whoſe vgly life the Poets, haue penned to her ſhame.

Fiue hundreth Aſſes milke, ſhe dayly had the bathe,
For to increaſe her vice, and bewtie to preſerue:
As at theſe dayes, our countrey women craue,
Out of a little hyde, a thong to large they craue:
For euery poore mans daughter, now is prankt in ſilke,
Which doth Sabinas bath, incounter made of milke.

Theſe baſe-borne birth, Galeriæs heart exceeds,
That Neros golden pallaces did diſdayne:
They thinke them flowers, which are indeede but weeds,
For truth, doth try them, counterfetted playne:
As ſome men haue, of veluet ſcabarts made,
That dayly couers, a ruſtie canckered blade.

Of poyſon Poets write, that Cleopatra dyed,
No, no, (quoth Lambe) it is a lye indeed;
Her death came thus, in ſtories as I read,
By a bodkin that ſhe bought, her heart did bleyd:
With which ſhe vſ'd, to curle her golden haire,
Wherewith ſhe kild her ſelfe, it doth appeare.

Loe heare you lewde laſciuious wanton ſort,
That doe delite, to paint your ſelues in pride:
No doubt but you, ſhall ſmart for youthfull ſport,
When mettell ſhalbe, by the fire tryde:
When flaming fire (I ſay) the gold ſhall try,
In Plutos pit, you ſhall for euer cry.

Thus

Thus prating promiſers, hold ſtill your fruitles brags,
Among your potts, your promiſes performe:
Els will the wiſe, perceiue your wardrop rags,
And to your ſhame, will laugh you all to ſcorne:
Your miſtres tipler, that would ſo gentle bee,
For all your furs, your tricks the world doth ſee.

Learne to ſpeake French, and if you wilbe gentle,
For French muſt make you miſtres, that's moſt ſure:
Becauſe your birth is, very baſe and ſimple,
And you a tipler, whoſe life is nothing pure:
Learne to know thy ſelfe, thy neighbours know thee well,
Per foy merritriciam, els will I ring thy bell.

And then aloude this Lambe to laugh began,
To Limbo lake (quoth he) *la iambe les piedz* packe:
Les leures of ſuch, inticeth many a man,
To vtter confuſion, and euerlaſting lacke:
Loe miſtres tipler, if you will gentle be,
It's more then tyme you come, to learne this French of me,

And at theſe wordes, a while this Lambe did pauſe,
And ſpying me, a weary of the Tyme:
Vpon the earth, began to ſcrape his clawes,
Friend Robinſon (quoth he) thy liſtning eares incline:
For now women, that good and vertuous were,
I purpoſe by my ſpeach, thou preſently ſhalt heare.

Poſthumia was of euill ſore accuſed,
For merry countenaunce, of ill ſhe was condemn'd:
Minutius, her huſband, her company refuſed,
And home agayne his wife, did to her parents ſend:
If countenaunce then, ſo great a vice was thought,
What ſay you by the act, this day that's dayly wrought.

In

In Calcedon, both mayds, and matrons vſ'd,
Vnto a ſtraunger, but one cheeke to ſhow:
Hierous wife, all peoples breth refuſ'd,
Except her huſbands, no mans els did know:
No ſhowes in Egypt, neuer women had,
The cauſe was this, they hated for to gad.

When in Boetia, the Damſels, married were,
A noble cuſtome worthie note they had:
A vertue rare, no doubt it did appeare,
In thoſe I ſay, that loued not to gad:
Her coyche was burn'd, that day ſhe married was,
Which ſignifi'd, from home ſhe would not paſſe.

The daughters of Liſander, refuſ'd the rich attire,
That from Sicilie, was as tokens ſent:
Leaſt that the pride thereof, their hearts ſhould fire,
The glittering ſhow, they did no deale commend:
For vertue was, the iewell that they ſought,
All ſtately dealings, baniſht from their thought.

Loe heare ſayd Lambe, the life that Ladies liu'd,
The ſimpler ſort, according calling went:
One at an others ſtate enuied not, nor greeu'd,
Ne yet the Tyme in lewdnes neuer ſpent:
No wandring vnto waks, thoſe dayes did women vſe,
Nor gadding vnto greens, their life for to abuſe.

Then was the huſbandman, and all his children knowne,
By ſuch attire, as them became to weare:
Th'artificer, by pride was not orethrowne,
Then malice in mens mynds, did not appeare:
Nor no man would, breake promiſe at that Tyme,
Faith, loue, and charitie, in hearts of men did ſhine.

Now

Now poore mens pride, hath brought the world to nought,
Their children as I ſayd, ſo pranck in pride:
Incountring Gentlemen, as neare as may be thought,
The common wealth, in England hath diſtroyde:
And filthy flatterie, theſe dayes is ſo imbraced,
The cogging crew away true meanyng chaſed.

And with theſe wordes, this Lambe, lookt on me faſt,
Marke well my ſpeach (quoth he) an other tyme:
For now thou ſeeſt that Phœbus maketh haſt,
Into the Occidentall flouds for to decline:
In tyme to come truſt thou no flattering friend,
Nor tipling tib, except, to much thou ſpend.

The Meretrix, the furred foole doth vſe,
Spy thou and at her mates a litle while:
For ſhe, and they, ſhall reape, they may not chuſe,
The fruits they graft, vpon their ſinfull ſoyle:
As euery wight, doth know their vice vntold,
Shall ere they dye, their woful end behold.

Thus preſently came Morpheus, back agayne,
How now my lambe (qouth he) haſt done my will:
Haſt told my Clarke, thy mynde & meaning plaine,
That of the world, he may haue better ſkill:
I haue my Lord (quoth Lambe) done what I may,
Plainly vnto Dunſtable, to direct the way.

I thanke thee ſayd Sir Morpheus for the ſame,
I will that he, and thou, this preſent tyme depart:
For that he beares abroad, a writers name,
I will not ſtay him longer from his act:
Thus ſodenly I wakened out of ſleepe,
In Dreaming long, this lambe became a ſheepe.

Thus

Thus bluſhing brood, awaken I from ſleepe,
And on the ſoden, daſht in drowſie dumps:
Began with ſpeed, for to plucke vp my feete,
Becauſe the place, did put me to my iumps:
This deſert was, alas unknowen to mee,
My Hawke, nor Spannels could I neuer ſee.

But what this lambe by Morpheus meanes did ſay,
With diligence, I pen'd that other day.

FINIS.

The Authours name in Verdict.

REmember Lord for Chriſtes ſake,
by mercy to forgeue,
I n iudgement on thoſe people now,
that ſinnefully doe liue.
C ondemne them not that retchles are,
and doe thy lawes forget,
H aue mercy on all them, that truſt,
Chriſtes bloud ſhall pay theyr det,
A gainſt my wofull cries oh Lord,
ſhut not thy mercy gate,
R eceiue my ſinfull ſoule oh God,
to enter in thereat,
D oe not condemne me for my guilt,
let mercy thee perſwade.

Reuenge

R euenge not Lord, my wofull workes,
when I in ſinne did wade,
O h God moſt high and mighty Lord,
in whom is all my truſt.
B e mercyfull to thoſe which are,
before thy eyes vniuſt,
I n time of trouble ſtill I cald,
vpon thy holy name:
N ow doe I cry to heale my ſoule,
and truſt thou hearſt the ſame.
S uch is thy mercy promiſed,
to them that doe relent:
O , Lord that thou forgeueſt ſuch,
that faythfully repent:
N othing oh God, doth greeue me more,
then doth my careleſſe race.

O f wicked wilfull wretched workes,
I call to thee for grace:
F or why my ſinnes craue puniſhment,
and are as ſcarllet red.

A nd yet I truſt for to be ſau'd
by Chriſtes bloud that ſhed:
L ooke downe with louing eyes oh Lord,
and heare my wofull cry:
T hy grace extend to guide my feete,
leaſt I ſhould wade awry:
O Lord my rude and careleſſe life,
with wild and wilfull blade:
N ow greeueth me for conſcience doth,
my ſoule in thee perſwade.

FINIS.

My

MY dayes I ſee, are vayne on earth, my time doth ſteale away;
My youth is paſt, and age drawes neare, my health doth ſtill decay.
My lennow limmes grow dry & ſtiffe, my bones be full of payne:
My former pleaſures workes me woe, I chaunge to duſt againe,
I not delite in mondane mucke, nor in theſe pleaſures vayne:
But in thy kingdome is my ioy, where thou doeſt aye remaine:
Take heare my faithfull ſacrifices of iuſt repenting heart.
In tyme of death deliuer Lord my ſoule from Sathans darte:
All honor glory be to thee, and to thy onely ſonne:
Who with the holy ghoſt be prayſe, thy will on earth be done.

FINIS.

AT LONDON
PRINTED BY ROGER WARDE,
for Iohn Proctor, are to be ſold at his
ſhop on Holborne bridge.
Anno, 1589.

NOTES.

NOTES.

Dedication.] Gilbert Lord Talbot, to whom this work is dedicated, was the eldest son of George sixth Earl of Shrewsbury (by Gertrude Manners, daughter of Thomas Earl of Rutland), who, under the title of "the noble Hound," is commemorated in the first poem in this volume. Lord Talbot himself succeeded to the title as seventh Earl of Shrewsbury in 1590, and the characters of both father and son are very fully displayed in their original correspondence, and in the memoirs by which they are introduced by Lodge in his valuable "*Illustrations of British History, Biography,*" &c., 4to. 1791. In Mr. Hunter's *History of Hallamshire* also will be found many original facts respecting the Talbot family. In Miss Currer's Library, at Eshton, are some MS. volumes containing hitherto unpublished Letters of George sixth Earl of Shrewsbury. The present Earl has had a transcript made of these letters, the originals having been lost to his family. Earl Gilbert was created a Baron in his father's lifetime, and in 1592 was installed as Knight of the Garter. In 1596 he was sent as Ambassador to the Court of France, and upon the accession of James I. was appointed Chief Justice of the Forests North of Trent. Though well qualified for serving the public, he was but little employed, for Elizabeth had some suspicion of his disaffection to her, and James looked coldly upon him, as too much attached to her memory. His only son died young, and he himself dying in 1616, the title and estates passed shortly after into another branch of the family.

Ibid. P. iv. L. 19. "*patrocinie*"] Patronizing—patrocinium.

Ibid. "*John Proctor*"] Proctor appears to have been a writer as well as publisher. He purchased "this present Treatise" in the regular course of his trade, with a view to its publication, though delayed for two years.

Epistle to the Reader. P. vii. L. 2. "*a Boasting Thrazo*"] A braggadocia, or Captain Bobadil in Terence's *Eunuch*.

Ibid. L. 3. "*a Pick-thanke*"] An officious parasite or flatterer, whose tongue can paint and glose. Sometimes applied to a talebearer.

> "By smiling *pick-thanks* and base newsmongers."
>
> *Henry IV.*, pt. 1, act 3, sc. 2.

Ibid. L. 3. "*a Clawbacke*"] A backbiter, talebearer, or sycophant.

> "And I had *clawbacks* even at court full rife,
> Which sought by outrage golden gain to win."
>
> *Mirrour for Magist.*
>
> "Like a *clawback* sycophant."
>
> Bp. Hall.

P. 1. "*Golden Mirrours*," &c.] The object of the first poem or vision is to describe the state of England at the period when it was written. We have "a Virgin in rich attire clad," *i. e.* Queen Elizabeth, and her kingdom described as possessing wealth and honour, but "wanting grace," and troubled with internal foes, who appear to be the persons concerned in the Babington and other conspiracies which were prevalent at that time. We have next a long account of the destruction of a Spanish Fleet, which is certainly very extraordinary, if the statement in the dedicatory Epistle could be believed, that "this present Treatise," which was printed in 1589, had been previously in the hands of the Publisher "about two years." For allowing that these two years were very short ones, he must have been in possession of the work before the close of 1587, and the destruction of the Spanish Armada, which it "prognosticates," did not occur until July, 1588. But the more probable solution to this statement of the Publisher will be, that the minor pieces, or etymological poems, had doubtless been in the possession of the Printer for some time, and the poem beginning "When as the Stately Stagge," had only been added when Proctor had determined to publish. The expression "that it foretold (as it were) the comming of the Spanyards and

their ouerthrow to our great vnspeakable good," seems to countenance this supposition. If history attributes the destruction of the Armada to the desperate valour and personal prowess of the English, and still more to the tempestuous violence of the ocean,—and mentions Drake and Frobisher among the most renowned seamen engaged upon that memorable occasion,—so also the Poet, or the dreamer, celebrates

> "A faithfull Foule, for seas none like of yore,
> A Drake adrest to passe through euery storme,"

and

> "Eolus Furbisher, was ready for to scower
> The Spanish cloud, that mischief meant to power."

He then introduces Neptune summoning Triton, Caribd and Silla, and Eolus, and

> ——— "charging his furious flouds
> To swell and rage, vp toward the cloudie skies;
> With greedy jawes deuoure vp their bloods
> That harme against her noble state deuise."

And we find Eolus "with a blustering blast" "breaking Anker, Cable, and also Mast,"

> "So that destruction shall acquite their sport."
> Foes fled that could, some sanke into the Seas,
> The rest as prisoners crau'd of Drake their life.

The dreamer then proceeds to allude to the great joy of the people at their release from foreign and domestic foes:

> "With singing, ringing, and clapping handes they sayd,
> God saue our Noble Queene, our mother and a mayd."

Stanza 1. L. 3. "*Marfield forrest*"] The Royal Forest of Macclesfield, in Cheshire; sometimes also anciently called the Forest of Lyme.

L. 4. "*Shutlings loe*"] The scene of the Poet's vision is laid upon the top of Shutlings loe, a very high hill in Macclesfield le forest. It is situated to the south-east of Macclesfield, has a pointed conical top, appearing at a distance like an enormous tumulus or barrow, and is a conspicuous object for many miles around. It is thus alluded to by Drayton in his

Poly-Olbion, p. 172, in conjunction with its sister hill of Molecop, vulgarly called Mowcop.

> "As tow'rds the Derbian Peake, and Moreland (which doe draw
> More mountainous and wild) the high-crown'd *Shutlingslowe*
> And Molcop be thy Mounds, with those proud hills whence rove
> The lovely sister Brooks, the silvery Dane and Dove." [1]

L. 6. "*sixe sundry Shyres.*"] The "sixe sundry Shyres" which are commanded in view from the summit of Shutlings loe are Cheshire, Derbyshire, Staffordshire, Shropshire, Lancashire, and Flintshire: and the "fominge brynish flouds in th' occident," also visible from the same hill, are the waters of the estuaries of the Dee and the Mersey.

Stanza 4. L. 3. "*a Virgin*"] Queen Elizabeth.

Stanza 5. L. 3. "*Three Crownes*"] England, France, and Ireland.

Ibid. L. 4. "*Three Princely Lyons*"] The royal arms of England.

Ibid. L. 5. "*The flower deluces*"] The royal arms of France.

[1] The summit of this highest hill in the neighbourhood was selected as his burial place by Samuel Johnson, a dancing master by profession, the eccentric author of "Hurlothrumbo, or the Supernatural," and other strange but not untalented productions, under the idea that on a spot so far removed from all other places of sepulture, he would escape the risk of any old woman mistaking his graceful limbs for her own, amidst the hurry and confusion of the general resurrection. The distance and difficulty of approach to this lofty spot prevented the accomplishment of his wish; but it was so far complied with, that he was buried upon a sand-ridge near Gawsworth, within the bounds of a small coppice, where his tombstone still remains, with a poetical inscription, penned by Tickell, the brother-in-law of Sheridan, which, with a pardonable poetic license, states it to have been his own wish that

> "These peaceful groves should shade his breathless clay."

He died in 1773, and about thirty years afterwards some curious persons, doubting whether he had been really buried in this secluded spot, opened the grave, and such was the extreme dryness of the soil, that the body appeared as fresh and perfect as on the day of its interment. After a few minutes exposure to the air, it crumbled to dust. The reader will find the inscription on his tomb given at length in Ormerod's *Hist. Chesh.* v. 3, p, 293.

Stanza 6. L. 1. "*a galland garden*"] England.

Stanza 7. L. 3. "*Julius Cæsars seate*"] London.

Stanza 10. L. 5. "*a vyle and wicked brood*"] Papists and Jesuits, names in those days synonymous with conspirators and traitors.

Stanza 12. L. 4. "*a valiant hounde, as white as silver is*"] This was George Talbot, the sixth Earl of Shrewsbury, who had for some time the custody of Mary Queen of Scots. He was Lord High Steward at the arraignment of the Duke of Norfolk, and afterwards Earl Marshal of England. He died November 18, 1590. The supporters of the family arms are two Talbots or hounds, argent.

Stanza 13. L. 1. "*an Eagle, soring in the skyes, with golden fethers*"] An eagle, with wings elevated, or, preying on an infant in its nest, ppr. swaddled gu. banded ar. is the crest of the Lathams and Stanleys: and the person here alluded to under this symbol, was Henry fourth Earl of Derby, who was one of the peers on the trial of Mary Queen of Scots, and Lord High Steward at the trial of Philip Earl of Arundel. He died in 1592.

Stanza 15. L. 5. "*the Lyon*"] Queen Elizabeth, from the arms of England.

Stanza 17. L. 4. ——————"*Vipers blood:*
(I iudge yt so) because they sought the spoyle
Of none so much, as of their native soyle."]

Allusion is here made to the "common and vulgar error," that young vipers at their birth destroy their parent by eating through her womb and belly.—See Browne's *Vulgar Errors*. Book 3, ch. 16.

Stanza 20. L. 2. "*Dales with Dymbles deepe*"]

"Within a bushy dimble she doth dwell."
Ben Jonson's *Sad Shep.* 2, 8.

Stanza 22. L. 4. "*cabbins and caves in England and in Wales*"] *i. e.* to regard what people they receive in them. This alludes to the strong

enactments against Jesuits, Papists, and other political traitors, who were banished the kingdom; and all persons who harboured or relieved them, were deemed guilty of felony.

Stanza 24. L. 1. "*prest accomplere*"] prest d' accomplir. The motto of the Earl of Shrewsbury.

Stanza 29. L. 5. "*Vipers are abord*"] The Spanish forces—so termed from being Papists.

Stanza 29. L. 6. "*th' annointed of the Lord*"] Queen Elizabeth.

Stanza 34. L. 4. "*A faithfull Foule, for seas none like of yore,*
A Drake"————]

Sir Francis Drake, the well-known circumnavigator and naval commander, was born near Tavistock, in Devonshire, about 1545. He was trained to a seafaring life under the care of Sir John Hawkins, his kinsman, and served under him in the Gulf of Mexico. He made frequent expeditions against the Spaniards in the West Indies, by which he greatly enriched himself and his followers,—and in the memorable year 1588, having been appointed vice-admiral under Lord Howard of Effingham, he and his squadron had a principal share in the discomfiture of the Spanish Armada, flying from the united displeasure of God and man. The latter period of his life was not attended with equal success, and having experienced some severe disappointments, which preyed upon his mind, they threw him into a fever which terminated his life on the 28th January, 1596, in the fifty-first year of his age.

Stanza 36. L. 5. "*Crikes*"] This may mean creeks, or narrow inlets, to escape into, from the French *crique*, a small bay.

Stanza 38. L. 3. "*A warlike Winter*"] An obvious allusion to Sir William Winter, Knight, one of the Lord High Admiral's officers. His name occurs the last in Pine's Engravings of the Tapestry in the Old Palace of Westminster.—See Granger's *History of England*, vol. 1, p. 281. *Harleian Miscellany*, vol. 1, p. 123, et seq.—He was appointed Surveyor General of the Navy by Queen Elizabeth; and Richard Robinson, "citizen of London," dedicated one of his numerous publications to

this person, of whom we are surprised to find no notice taken in any of our collected biographical works.

Stanza 38. L. 5. "*Furbisher*"] Sir Martin Frobisher or Forbisher, another eminent naval commander, in the reign of Elizabeth, was born near Doncaster, in Yorkshire, and being brought up to the sea, was chiefly employed in his early years in several voyages of discovery in the northern seas off the coast of New Greenland, where he explored the strait or inlet which has ever since borne his name. In 1585 he accompanied Sir Francis Drake to the West Indies as captain of the "Aid," and assisted with him in the glorious defence of his country against the formidable Spanish Armada in 1588, commanding the "Triumph," one of the largest vessels in the English navy. Like his superior Drake, he was rewarded for his services on that occasion with the honour of knighthood. In 1594, being sent with a squadron to the assistance of Henry IV. of France against the Spaniards, he received a mortal wound, in attacking a fort near Brest, of which he died after his return home to this country in that year.

Stanza 39. L. 6. "*Rise Deadmen*"] See *Ephes.* v. 14.

Stanza 40. L. 6. "*Sancta Dominga*"] St. Domingo was one of the places taken by Drake in 1585, from which he obtained a large amount of treasure.

Stanza 45. L. 5. "*Poore clout-shooes gate their clubs*"] *Clout-shoes*, wooden clogs tipped with iron, worn by poor people. *Gate*, past tense of *get*. Poor people seized their clubs. "Clubs and clouted shoon," was a proverbial expression for a rude peasantry, applied to Hertfordshire.—See Ray's *Proverbs*.

Stanza 45. L. 6. "*To wreke*"] To pour out, or vent. To wreak his vengeance, or as here, to wreak his will. Sometimes alone it means to avenge.

> "To wreke the love I bore my cousin Tybalt."
>
> *Romeo and Juliet*, act 3, sc. 5.

> "A heart of wreak."
>
> *Coriolanus*, act 4, sc. 5.

Stanza 47. L. 6. "*To maister Leigh of Ridge, a Gentle Squyre*"] Ridge Hall, to which the Dreamer "did retyre" when he "wakened," is situated at the foot of Shutlings loe, and was at that time occupied by "maister Leigh, a Gentle Squyre," whose family, descended from a younger branch of the Leghs of Lyme, had long enjoyed that property. This was John Legh of Ridge, Esq., who married Grace, daughter of Humphry Cotton of Bold, in the county of Stafford, who survived her husband. He died 42nd Elizabeth, 1600, leaving a son and heir, Peter Legh of Ridge. The estate was afterwards alienated from this family in 1731, and was possessed by the late William Smyth, Esq., the distinguished Professor of Modern History in the University of Cambridge, who died at Norwich, the 26th June, 1849, in his 85th year, and is now, we believe, vested in his sisters.

P. 11. In this second Vision, Queen Elizabeth is represented under the character of Diana, collecting around her, under the form of "many houndes of sundry names and mightie mouthes," the qualities and virtues upon which she relied for security from her enemies and for the stability of her throne. Accordingly, among "the houndes that were of choyce," we find "Duetie, Obedience, Diligence, Lovewell, Treasure, and Trustie," not omitting also such useful animals as "Findeall, Holdfast, Bowman," &c. The enemies of the Queen appear under the forms of the Wolf, Fox, "beastly belling Bull, Tygar, and wicked Weasels," which all were chased,

> "Till to the quirry, a number out of count,
> Were brought to reape their iust reward at last."

Under these denominations we do not perceive that any particular individuals are alluded to, but that all the persons engaged in hostility to the Queen, either on political or religious grounds, are here characterized as wild animals chased to their destruction. It is probable that Babington's conspiracy is the event more especially alluded to in this Poem, as the fate of traitors is clearly assigned to the objects of the chase:—

> "The heads and quarters of these Carrens vile
> I did beholde, where Kites and Crowes did eate,
> A marke for many that do themselues exile
> From Dueties doctrine, and deale by deepe deceit."

It is somewhat remarkable that we do not find any allusion to Mary Queen of Scotland, unless it may be very obscurely traced in the line which concludes so many of the stanzas,

"Here Talbot take it, for thou art euer trew."

This Talbot was the Earl of Shrewsbury (in whose household Robinson was a serving-gentleman at the time), who had during several years the custody of the royal prisoner, and was especially sent to her to announce her condemnation, and to be present at her execution. It is just possible that this unhappy Queen may be the "it" which Talbot is so often charged to take.

Stanza 2. L. 4. "*caused birds to brush them on the bowes*"] *i. e.* to plume or clean themselves on the boughs of the trees.

Stanza 4. L. 6. "*The poore Knights pallace of pleasure to peruse*"] The Editor was for some time unable to identify the book here alluded to with any certainty, but thought it not improbable that it might have been a collection of stories written by George Pettie, entitled, "*A petite Pallace of Pettie his Pleasure, conteyning many pretie Histories*," &c., 4to. bl. lett., which was first entered on the Stationers' Books in 1576, and was composed in imitation of William Painter's "*Palace of Pleasure Beautified, Adorned, and Well Furnished with Pleasaunt Histories*," &c., 4to. bl. lett., 1566-7, but greatly inferior to that highly popular work. He is now, however, enabled to give the full title of the volume thus noticed by Robinson, from the only known copy, through the important labours of Mr. Payne Collier in his interesting "*Extracts from the Registers of the Stationers' Company*," v. 2, p. 88, published by the Shakespeare Society, a work the importance and value of which to the bibliographical student, can hardly be over estimated. From this volume, the title page of this rare work is here transcribed at length: "*A poore Knight his Pallace of priuate Pleasures. Gallantly garnished with goodly Galleries of strang inuentions:—and prudently polished with sundry pleasaunt Posies, and other fine fancies of dainty deuices, and rare delightes. Written by a Student in Cambridge. And published by J. C. Gent. Imprinted at London, by Richarde Jones, and are to bee solde at his Shoppe ouer agaynst Sainct Sepulchers Churche.* 1579." 4to. bl. lett. Of this extremely rare work only one copy is known,

which has recently been discovered in the collection of the Duke of Northumberland, who has preserved it from the chance of destruction, by kindly allowing it to be reprinted for the members of the Roxburghe Club; to whom it was presented by the late Earl of Powis. Mr. Collier has remarked, that at the end of the volume is a poem, entitled, "*The poore Knight his Farewel to his Booke*," in which Robinson is addressed by name, whence it would appear as if he was a friend of the author of this rare work, whoever he might be, and may also account for the mention of the book by Robinson.

Stanza 9. L. 4. "*chawle*"] Chaule—a jaw, or jaw bone. The meaning of the expression "leade no chawle," seems to be equivalent to lead no jaw, *i. e.* make no cry, the scent being so warm.

Stanza 10. L. 5. "*the perfit*"] The Editor can find no satisfactory explanation of this term, but it is described by Twici, a very ancient writer on hunting, as a species of chase. "I chase with my houndis that be huntyng. Another chace ther is, and that is clepid *the perfyzt*."—M. S. Cotton, 15th century, printed in *Reliquiæ Antiquæ*, v. 1, p. 151.

Stanza 13. L. 2. "*Loue well*," &c.] It is not unlikely that under these names of Duty, Obedience, Pleasure, Lovewell, Diligence, Treasure, Trusty, &c., some of Elizabeth's statesmen, Burleigh, Walsingham, Essex, &c., may be adumbrated.

Ibid. L. 3. "*rechat*"] Winding the horn in hunting; properly, perhaps, to call off the hounds from a wrong scent.—See *Much Ado about Nothing*, act 1, sc. 1, and the notes upon it in Malone's edit. See also some curious notices in Nares's *Glossary* under *Recheat*, and in Dyce's edit. of *Skelton's Works*, v. 2, p. 234.

Stanza 17. L. 3. "*quirry*"] Quarry, from the French *carree*, a square inclosure, into which the game was drawn when killed. "Cartes go fro place to place to bring the deer to the *querre*. Thee should kepe that no man come in the *querre* till the King come, save the maister of the game." See Notes to *Macbeth*, act 4, sc. 3, near the end.

Stanza 17. L. 5. "*The Mort*"] They blew a mort at the death of the deer to announce to the distant hunters that the game was killed.—See *Winter's Tale*, act 1, sc. 2.

P. 15. "*Fardinando, Lord Strange*"] This poem is an eulogy upon the noble lord, whose "Etimologie" we find by taking the first letter of each of the first five stanzas, FARDE, and by adding to them the letters of the first eight lines of this sixth stanza, each of which is repeated, NN AA NN DD, and the first letter of the next stanza, O; thus we obtain FARDENANDO.

This nobleman was, at the period when the poem was written, the eldest surviving son of Henry Stanley the fourth Earl of Derby, who is commemorated in the first poem of this volume. He succeeded his father in September, 1594, but was soon cut off in the flower of his age, having been poisoned, as it was supposed, in April, 1596, by an agent of the Jesuits and English fugitives, for refusing to assume the title of King of England, in right of his descent from Mary the second daughter of King Henry VII., and younger sister to King Henry VIII., and at that time Queen Dowager of France, whose grandmother was mother to this Earl Ferdinand. He married Alice, one of the daughters of Sir John Spencer of Althorp, in the county of Northampton, by whom he left three daughters, his heirs general, who succeeded to the baronies of Strange, Knockin, Mohun, &c., with all the estates thereto belonging. He died very greatly lamented, being considered "a man of genius and of a literary turn; and has left some fragments of poetry." Walpole calls him "one of our early bards, and not an unpromising one." How far his character accorded with the eulogy of our visionary, we have not the means of ascertaining: but in Seacome's "*History of the Ancient and Honourable House of Stanley*," 4to. 1767, "it is said that he was allowed by all to be one of the most hopeful peers of the age."

P. 18. L. 28. "*stroyer*"] Destroyer—"stroyed in dishonour."—See *Antony and Cleopatra*, act 3, sc. 9.

P. 20. *Lady Iulian Holcraft of the Vale Royall.*] This poem, which appears from the last stanza to have been a complimentary address upon the commencement of a new year, is an eulogy upon Juliana, Lady Holcroft, the daughter and heiress of Nicholas Jennings, Alderman of London, and wife of Sir Thomas Holcroft, Knight, second son of John Holcroft of Holcroft Hall, near Leigh, in Lancashire, who had been an Esquire of the Body to King Henry VIII., whose favour he conciliated, and from whom he received the grant of the dissolved monastery of Vale Royal. He accompanied the Earl of Hertford in his expedition against Scotland in 1544, and was one of the officers knighted at Leith upon that occasion. He was appointed Marshal to Queen Mary, and dying shortly after was buried at Weaverham. Of the Lady Juliana we know nothing more than what we can gather from this and the eulogy on pp. 47-50, except that she died at Vale Royal, July 13, and was buried at the ancient church of Whitegate, near to the abbey gate of the monastery, August 25, 1595.

Stanza 3. L. 2. "*Merula*"] The merle is the blackbird, from the French.

> "Where the sweet *merle* and warbling mavis be."
>
> *Drayt. Owl*, l. 1292.

It is so used by Burns, Ferguson, and other Scotch writers.

P. 21. Stanza 8. L. 2. "*words in wast*"] Vain talking—idle words. "For every idle word they shall give account."—*Matt.* xii. 36.

P. 22. L. 5. "*at Hespias*"] This may be an error for *Hesperus*, and the figure may import that Lady Holcroft had lived so privately, that she was unknown except to the rich and poor of her own neighbourhood, until Fame, in the *evening* of her life, sounded her praises to the world. The word may, however, be only a contraction of *Hesperides*, and Vale Royal be compared in beauty to those mythological gardens.

P. 23. "*My Lady Countesse*"] This lady, mentioned in the last stanza, was the only daughter of Sir Thomas and Lady Juliana Holcroft, and was married to Edward Manners, third Earl of Rutland.

The "Etimologie" of the Lady Juliana appears in the first letters of the first seventeen stanzas, THE LADI IVLIAN HOLD, the initials of the other lines of this last stanza supplying the remaining letters CRAFT.

Correct orthography was not much attended to in those times, especially upon these etymological occasions. In the title of the poem she is called Holcraft, in the poem itself a D is inserted; the real name was Holcroft.

P. 24. "*Sir Edmond Traffard*"] The verses addressed to Sir Edmond Traffard present but little of the "Etimologie" of his name, for all we can put together of the initial letters of the stanzas are only SIR EDMŌD, the N being considered, perhaps, an allowable omission, the contraction being usually expressed by a line over the preceding letter. The subject of these verses, which are written in six-line stanzas, each of fourteen feet, has no connexion at all with Sir Edmund Trafford, being only a general description of the effects of Time, that bears

> ——————"record from first unto the last,
> Of present daies, of daies to come, and daies that now are past."

It

> "calls to mind the wretched waies that worldly men do take,"

and announces the great terrors in the hearts of men, when

> "God his whips shall use, and Time shall try all;
> No state can start by night or day, that Time can not espie,
> Nor secret shift so closely lapt, but Time the truth shall trie."

Our Poet's personification of Time is somewhat different from that of the venerable old gentleman with his bald head and single forelock, rapidly striding away with his hour-glass and scythe; for instead of this usual representation of our painters, we have here "a Lady swifter than the wind," "shaking a razor sharpe, with a frowning face and thretning speach." The Poet thus concludes his address with the following couplet:—

> "Beseeching God with Nestors age your worship may increase
> With health, and wealth, and newe yeares ioy, and so my pen doth seace."

Sir Edmund Trafford, Knight, was the eldest son of a brave sire, who received the honour of knighthood from the Earl of Hertford in Scotland, and who was with Henry VIII. at the Siege of Boulogne. The son was born on the 3rd of June, 1526, and married (1) Mary, third daughter of Lord Edmund Howard, third son of Thomas second Duke of Norfolk.

Her sister was Katherine Howard, Queen of England. She appears to have died without issue, and Sir Edmund married (2) Elizabeth, daughter of Sir Ralph Leycester of Toft, in Cheshire, and relict of Sir Randal Mainwaring, Knight, of Over Peover, in the same county. He was a zealous promoter of the principles of the Reformation—"a bitter enemy of the Catholics,"—and took an active part in the affairs of the parish of Manchester during the reign of Queen Elizabeth. He died at Trafford in 1590, æt. 64, and was succeeded in his estates by a son of the same name.

P. 26. "*A triple foorded riuer*"] This, probably, points to the etymology of the name of "Trafford," which is said to be derived from the A.S. *tred*, a step, allusive to the stone *steppings* across the *ford* of the Irwell at Barton, near the house.

Ibid. "*before the conquest was*"] "Randulphus filius Randulphi," occurs shortly after the Norman invasion in a deed from Sir Hamon de Massy, mentioned in an ancient vellum roll, still in possession of the Trafford family.

P. 27. "*Sir Peter Leigh of the linne, Knight*"] The Sir Peter Leigh of the linne, Knight, here alluded to, was of Lyme, and was the son and heir of Peter Leigh of Lyme and Haydock, Esq., who died December 4, 1541. He was one of the Cheshire gentlemen who were knighted at Leith in the year 1544: and "the right worshipfull Maister Peter Leigh, his heire apparant," was his grandson, who was likewise knighted, was Sheriff of the County in 1595, and also one of its representatives in Parliament. He married Margaret, daughter of Sir Gilbert Gerard, Knight, Master of the Rolls, by whom he had a numerous family. She died July 29, 1603, and was buried at Fulham, in the county of Middlesex, where a monument to her memory, erected by her husband, still exists. He died at Lyme, February 17, 1635-6.

His "Etimologie" is to be found, as in the other poems, in the initials of the stanzas, PETER LEIGH ESSQVYER. The verses are without any allusion or address to either of these two persons, but, like those of the preceding poem, represent Time as a Goddess "thrise swifter then

Syr Neptuns streames," with "a razour in her hand," shewing that "the earthly state should haue a soden chaunge, and all that is, should nothing bee;" recounting the destruction that she has wrought in the world; denouncing the evil that exists, and proclaiming that

> "Reuenge from skies with fiery flames
> Shall now at hand deuour and wast
> All mortall men vnto their shames,
> Except where grace and vertue's plast."

P. 31. "*M. Thomas Leigh of Adlington, in the Countie of Chester, Esquire*"] This little poem, like the preceding, has no reference to the person to whom it is addressed, but only "purports the nature of Time," who, as before, appears under the form of "a Lady which flew as swift as winde," armed with a "knife" or "razor sharpe to cut the vital thred," and furnished with wings, which were not mentioned in the former descriptions,—charging all persons

> "Remember Time began all thinges, at first when all was made,
> Time at the last shall cause againe al thinges to wast and fade."

This poem is more infected with alliteration than many of the others, though symptoms of the disease appear in all. It is not divided into stanzas, but consists of lines of fourteen syllables each, separated into sections at the end of each word of the name, which, composed of the initials of each line, discloses the "Etimologie" of THOMAS LEIGH ESSQVYAR, which is repeated, except that the second time the last word reads ESSQVIER. This Mr. Thomas Legh of Adlington was the son of a gentleman of both his names, by Maria, daughter of Richard Grosvenor of Eaton: he was High Sheriff of the county of Chester in 1588, and died in 1601, aged about 50 years. He was succeeded by his son and heir, the father of Sir Urian Legh, who was knighted by the Earl of Essex for his conduct at the siege of Cadiz, and is said to have been the hero of the celebrated ballad of "The Spanish Lady's Love," printed in Percy's *Collection of Ancient Ballads*, vol. 2, p. 256, and of whom there is a portrait in a Spanish dress preserved at Bramall Hall. But other traditions have mentioned Sir Richard Levison of Trentham, in Staffordshire, as the subject of this ballad. Sir Urian Legh of Adlington

married Margaret, daughter of Sir Edmund Trafford, addressed in the foregoing poem. We may suppose that the Leghs, who are very numerous in this county, for it is proverbially said that "in Cheshire there are as many Leighs as fleas, and Davenports as dogs' tails," were not at that time so fastidious as they have since been about the orthography of their names. The Adlington family always spell their name Legh, and would be horrified at the sight of the little interloping i.

Ibid. L. 1. "*thacke*"] To thwack, or beat hard.

P. 33. "*A Psalme*" &c.] This Psalm, to the note or tune of Psalm vi., discloses the "Etimologie" of the same gentleman as the last poem, with the very slight addition of a final E, THOMAS LEIGHE ESSQVYAR.

P. 35. "*The Ladi Marie Edgarton of Ridley, in the Countie of Chester.*"] Like many of the others, the present poem is a dream; and in it appears Mars, as "an armed man with bloody blade," recounting with considerable force and spirit the horrors and desolations of war. It appears from the last stanza, to have been like some, perhaps all, of these visions, a new year's present to the person to whom it was addressed, concluding with

> "Beseeching God that sits to iudge, to guyde your dayes in peace,
> With health, long life, and ioyfull years, and worship to increase."

THE LADI MARI EDGERTON, whose "Etimologie" is disclosed in the initials of the stanzas, was the daughter of Sir Richard Grosvenor of Eaton, Knight, widow of Thomas Legh of Adlington, Esq., mother of the Thomas Legh, to whom the last two poems were addressed, and the wife of Sir Richard Egerton of Ridley, in the county of Chester, Knight,—the same Sir Richard whose illegitimate son was Thomas, afterwards the illustrious Lord Ellesmere, Viscount Brackley, Lord High Chancellor of England. This Lady was a Roman Catholic, and as in those days so many of that persuasion were engaged in traitorous conspiracies against the Queen, that the persuasion itself was almost considered as the sign of

a traitor; and as Puritanism, which in another reign was synonymous with rebellion, much prevailed in the neighbourhood of her ladyship's residence at Ridley, she became a mark both for political and religious persecution; and it appears from letters still in existence, that she was greatly indebted to the earnest interference of some of the most illustrious persons in the kingdom for obtaining from time to time a respite of proceedings against her. The interference of such persons in her behalf, instigated perhaps in some degree by the rising interest of the future Chancellor, is a strong testimony in favour of the piety and excellence of her character; and that she was personally beloved and respected, may be inferred from this poetical address to her by one who, from his works, appears to have been strongly opposed in feeling to the tenets professed by this Lady, and firmly attached to Queen Elizabeth, whose throne and life were supposed to be endangered by the "Papistes and Excommunicates."

Lady Egerton was confined along with others a prisoner in Manchester as a recusant, through the active exertions of Dr. Chaderton, then Bishop of Chester, and hopes were entertained that she might be prevailed upon, through the ministrations of the clergy sent especially to visit her, to abjure her tenets, and conform to the Protestant Church. But neither arguments nor threatenings availed anything, and she continued stedfast and inflexible to her own faith and persuasion. The reader may see some curious extracts from letters relating to the sufferings of this pious and afflicted lady at this period of her life, given by Mr. Ormerod in his *History of Cheshire*, vol. 2, p. 160. Notwithstanding, however, the persecutions and sufferings which she underwent on account of her religion, she attained to a great age, and dying in 1599 was buried at Astbury in Cheshire, in the chancel of which church her monument still remains, containing an effigy of herself habited in a close cap and ruff. She was connected by marriage herself, or by those of her descendants, with several of the families eulogized in these poems,—the Leghs of Adlington, Holfords, Warburtons of Arley, Brereton, &c. And, indeed, it would appear that nearly all the families alluded to by the Poet were allied by marriage or otherwise, and this circumstance might probably form a clue to his choice in selecting the subjects of his poems.

P. 35. V. 2. L. 3. "*Among the shrubs I shrouded was*"] This will remind the reader of the opening of the Vision of Piers Ploughman, and,

indeed, many of these Verses seem to have been composed on the plan of that alliterative and figurative Poem, in which the dreamer is represented as falling asleep, from weariness and fatigue in ascending a lofty hill, and in his vision appear to him painted the passing scenes and events of the world under the form of an allegory. It is clear that the author of the present work had studied that early allegorical poem.

Ibid. V. 4. L. 2. "*The gleids*"] Red hot coals.

"As glowynge gledes."

Vision of Piers Ploughman, p. 361, l. 11800.

P. 37. V. 1. L. 1. "*laid on lurtch*"] To lie on lurch, is to lie aside or in ambush to catch what passes; hence *lurcher*, a dog which hunts unfairly.

Ibid. V. 2. L. 3. "*thrate*"] The past tense of to threat, or threaten.

Ibid. V. 4. L. 4. "*I rested by a pleasant poole, fast by a little heath*"] This seems highly descriptive of local scenery, and so minute in its application to Ridley Pool or Mere, alluded to in Nixon's Prophecy, and now filled up, that the Poet doubtless here refers to it.

P. 38. *M. Peter Warberton of Arley*"] These verses, like many of the others, have for their subject the progress and effects of time, accompanied with sundry moral admonitions against its waste, and encouragements to make good use of that which is granted, by the practice of virtue and exercise of benevolence.

The "Etimologie" of M. Peter Warburton is so imperfectly disclosed, that it might be supposed some stanzas were lost from the original manuscript. The initial letters of the existing stanzas are PETR WARERTO.

History does not record anything of this gentleman, except that he was the son and heir of Sir John Warburton of Warburton and Arley, Knight, by Mary, daughter of Sir William Brereton of Brereton, Knight, and was the father of six daughters, but dying without heirs male in 1613, his estates passed by bequest to his nephew, Peter Warburton of the Lodge, in Crowley, Esq., who married a daughter of the Lady Mary Egerton of Ridley, already noticed in these poems. Sir George Warburton, Bart., the last male heir of this family, died in 1813, and bequeathed his estates

to his great nephew, the eldest son of the Rev. Rowland Egerton, M.A., and of his wife Emma Croxton, the niece of Sir George. In consequence of this devise, the Rev. Rowland Egerton assumed the name and arms of Warburton, in addition to his own, by sign manual.

P. 42. V. 2. L. 7. "*Els in the snares*"] In the Parker Society's "*Select Poetry of the Reign of Queen Elizabeth*, vol. 2, p. 367, there is a typographical error in their reprint of these Verses in this line, "Els in the *shares*," which destroys the sense of the passage.

P. 43. "*George Brereton of Ashley*"] Of the GEORGE BRERETON ESSQVIAR, whose "Etimologie" appears in the initials of the lines of the three verses, nothing more appears to be recorded than his birth, marriage, and death, and the number of his family. He married Sybil, daughter and heiress of William Arderne of Timperley, Gent., by whom he had several children. He died in October, 1587, and was buried at his Parish Church of Bowdon. His eldest son and heir, William Brereton of Ashley, Esq., married one of the six daughters and co-heiresses of Peter Warburton of Arley, Esq., to whom the preceding verses were addressed.

P. 44. "*Ieffrey Shackarley of Holme and Shackarley, Esquyer.*"] The verses upon Ieffrey Shackarley are a series of sage and prudential maxims recommended for his practice and adoption. This gentleman appears to have been Sheriff of the county of Chester in 1610, and to have died in 1618. He married Jane, daughter of Sir George Beeston, Knight, of Beeston, in the county of Chester, who acquired reputation and favour from Henry VIII. by his conduct at the siege of Boulogne, where he was chosen one of the royal band of pensioners. He afterwards distinguished himself at the battle of Musselburgh, and ultimately commanded the "Dreadnought," in the defeat of the Spanish Armada, at the advanced age of eighty-nine, and was knighted by Queen Elizabeth for his valour on that occasion. He closed a life of honour and renown at the great age of one hundred and two years, and was buried at Bunbury, October 13, 1601, where a fine monument to his memory still exists.

The "Etimologie" of IEFFRAY SHACKCARLEY appears in the

initial letters of each line of the verses. The Shakerleys were slightly connected by marriage with the Earls of Shrewsbury, for the father of "the noble hound," commemorated in the first poem, had for his second wife, Grace, daughter of Robert Shakerley of Longsdon, in Derbyshire, or, according to other authorities, the widow of Robert Shakerley, uncle of the above Geoffry. Perhaps she was both, for her maiden name has not been discovered.

P. 45. "*Maister Hugh Shackerly.*"] The verses upon Maister Hugh Shackerly, son and heir of the preceding, are also moral and prudential maxims, but better suited to the condition of a young person. The "Etimologie" of Maister HEWGH SHACKCARLEI may be traced in the initials of the lines. This gentleman, who died in the life-time of his father, was the grandson of Sir George Beeston, and if he thus derived his birth from an ancestor remarkable for illustrious achievements, amongst his descendants was one who, in his day, was as remarkable for great eccentricities. Peter Shakerley, Esq., the last male heir of the family, who was born in 1709, and died in 1781, was a confirmed believer in a millenium, but it was one of his own construction: he supposed the world, with all its affairs and inhabitants, to revolve in a circle of one thousand years, and that at each corresponding period, the same scenes were enacted by the same persons. As far as themselves were concerned, he was successful in making a convert of his favourite old groom, but this venerable and faithful attendant could not extend his faith as far as the reappearance of the brute creation, for when his master, in the midst of his enjoyment of a delightful ride, turned round and claimed his servant's participation in the anticipated recurrence of the same pleasure at the end of a thousand years, John acquiesced, though rather sorrowfully added, "Yes, Master, but surely not on th' same tits." The old gentleman was so satisfied with the comforts he had enjoyed on earth, that, to save himself trouble when he should reappear, and as much as possible find all things as he had left them, he built himself a strong square house, with walls about nine feet thick, which might endure till his return: and this substantial mansion now forms the old part of Somerford Hall, near Congleton, which was greatly, but not so substantially, enlarged by the late possessor, about the year 1800.

P. 46. "*Maister Ieffray Shackcarley Esquyre.*"] The next verses upon the Geoffry Shakerley who was before addressed, consist of three stanzas of six lines each, whereof the first four have alternate rhymes. The subject of them is the fickleness of fortune, with admonitions to "watch her chaunging face,"

> "For those that most doe stand within her grace,
> From age to age, haue cause to trust her least."

The "Etimologie" discovered in the initials of these lines is somewhat defective, for we find only the following letters: IEFFAY SHACKCARLEY.

Ibid. L. 13. "*the hexte*"] Highest.—Chaucer.

P. 47. "*Lenuoy.*"] To the last verses properly belongs the succeeding stanza upon the same subject, and to them it is properly *L'envoi*, or the conclusion, though separated from them by the printer's interposition of the word FINIS. *L'envoy* means an epilogue or moral to a poem, to make plain some obscure precedence.—See Shakespear's *Love's Labour Lost*, act 3, sc. 1.

Ibid. "*Lady Iulian Holcraft*"] The Lady Juliana Holcroft has already been noticed as the subject of a previous series of stanzas, in which her "Etimologie" was traceable in the initials of some of the stanzas. In the present verses, which are also stated to be upon the "Ethimologie" of her name, we must at once confess that we have not been ingenious enough to discover it. The chief object of them is to eulogize her ladyship, to hold her forth as an example to other ladies, and to express fervent wishes for her health and happiness. He proclaims her

> "A Lady liuing at these daies
> Whose worship Fame doth spread,"

and, enumerating many of her virtues, exclaims to his female readers,

> "Doe thus and then, the harts of men
> You win in euery part."

He asserts the sincerity of his eulogy, for as he proved, so doth he praise, and concludes with imploring blessings upon her:

> "God blesse her still from time to time,
> From dangers, woe, and paine,
> That she in worship still may shine,
> And long in health remaine."

P. 48. Stanza 1. L. 9. "*harre*"] Higher.

P. 49. Stanza 4. L. 9. "*Pick thankes*"] See note on this word at p. 66.

P. 51. "*The last Dreame.*"] In this last dream of our visionary, Morpheus introduces to him "a Lambe," who shews to him, in "a glasse of skill," the true characters of some in whom he had placed undue confidence:

> "Wherein he saw a number that he knew
> With honnied mouths, yet natur'd like the waspe."

Calling upon him to "behold more of this glasse," he exposes to him some

> "Who dayly do usurpe a Gentlewoman's name,"

and produces examples from ancient history of females

> "Whose vgly life the Poets haue penned to their shame."

Then "spying him a weary of the Time," he calls upon him to incline his listening ears,—

> "For now women, that good and vertuous were,
> I purpose by my speech, thou presently shall heare."

Having produced examples of such worthy females, and having eulogized that time when

> "Faith, loue, and charitie, in hearts of men did shine,
> Then presently came Morpheus back agayne,"

and dismissing the "Lambe," allowed the poet also to depart,

> "For that he beares abroad a writers name,
> I will not stay him longer from his act."

Ibid. "*A Lambe*"] In this poem Robinson certainly makes it appear that "the Lambe" was an astrologer, and it is not improbable that some

allusion may be here made to the celebrated Dr. Lambe, a noted astrologer and fortune-teller who lived at that time, and whose "glass of skill" in exhibiting the features of the Author's friends or foes is afterwards noticed. He was found guilty of sorcery and magic at Worcester, early in the reign of James I., but escaping present punishment continued to live after that period, and was finally beaten to death by a mob in the streets of London on the 13th June, 1628. It is possible, however, that nothing more may be intended in this part of Robinson's poem than a continuation of the constrained allegory.

Ibid. Stanza 1. L. 3. "*a drosie dump*"] A sleepy melancholy or dulness.

P. 52. Stanza 2. L. 6. "*Cho ho hath croken bill, her maister left astray*"] "*Cho ho*" was a cry which the Falconers used while the hawk was upon the lure, in order to reclaim her.—See Turbervile's *Booke of Falconrie*, 4to. 1611, p. 129. The whole line seems obviously to allude to the hawk which had a *croken* or crooked bill, and had gone astray after the partridge.

Ibid. Stanza 5. L. 6. "*leare*"] *i. e.* learn.

P. 53. Stanza 2. L. 6. "*A glasse of skill*"] This was probably the beryl, a reddish crystal much used by astrologers to delude the weak and ignorant, who were led to believe that upon looking into this dark glass of skill, they would see things past and future. Dr. Dee's "glass," or great globe of crystal, which was famous for its magical powers, was not unique, as all the astrologers of the day possessed the same.—See Wright's *Narratives of Sorcery and Magic*, vol. 1, p. 228, &c.

P. 54. Stanza 4. L. 2. "*See where one bounseth in a players gowne,*
Furde like a foole, as nice as ere she was," &c.]

It is just possible that these lines may contain a personal allusion to some well-known character of the time. *Quere*, whether to Mistress Moll—the famous Moll mentioned by Shakespeare.

Ibid. L. 4. "*Tipling tib*"] A somewhat tipsy jade. *Tib* was formerly a common generic name for a low person.

Ibid. L. 5. "*Tick tacke*"] *i. e.* tric trac, a game something like backgammon, played upon tables by two persons, frequently alluded to by our early writers.—See *Measure for Measure*, act 1, sc. 3. John Taylor's *Motto*, 8vo. 1622, sig. D. iv.—It is here used metaphorically, and has reference to the wife playing her husband false.

Ibid. Stanza 5. L. 2. "*Fye of Gentillitie*"] An exclamatory parenthetical passage, equivalent to, a truce to gentility.

P. 55. Stanza 1. L. 3. "*Poliphils*"] or *polyphils*, may mean flatterers, who pretend to be so fond of many people, in order to take advantage of them.

P. 56. Stanza 2. L. 6. "*Per fay merritriciam*"] By my faith meretricious!

P. 57. Stanza 4. L. 5. "*No wandring vnto waks*"] The festival Sunday of the Saint to whom the Parish Church is dedicated, and celebrated with great rejoicings. In the country parts of Cheshire and Lancashire, and especially of the former, the congregations are generally unusually large on these days, attracted partly by the music, as the best singers of the district assemble, and perform anthems and choruses sometimes in a manner which would not disgrace our Cathedral choirs. The excellence of the chorus singers of this district is well known. The festivities of the wakes are continued for some days, and at these seasons the country people generally pay an annual visit to their friends and relations.

Ibid. L. 6. "*Nor gadding vnto greens*"] For the purpose of dancing at the celebration of the May-day or Whitsuntide festivities, that being the favourite amusement on these joyful and holiday occasions, and the village green the scene of the rural merriments.

P. 58. Stanza 1. L. 2. "*pranck in pride*"] Dressed up ostentatiously. It occurs in Shakespeare's *Winter's Tale*, act 4, sc. 3.

> "And me, poor lowly maid,
> Most goddess-like prank'd up."

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Ibid. L. 6. "*cogging*"] Cheating or deceiving.

Ibid. Stanza 3. L. 1. "*The Meretrix, the furred foole doth vse*"] This line clearly refers back to that on p. 54, stanza 4, l. 3, and both, perhaps, to the employment of a fool of old in houses of ill fame.

Ibid. Stanza 4. L. 6. "*Plainly vnto Dunstable to direct the way*"] "As plain as Dunstable road" was a proverbial expression from the straightness and openness of that road. Thus, "Downright Dunstable" was used to signify a plain straightforward person.—See Ray's *Proverbs*.

Ibid. Stanza 5. L. 3. "*For that he beares abroad a writers name*"] *i. e.* "because Robinson has the name of an Author abroad, I will not detain him longer from the exercise of his art." *Act* is clearly a misprint for *art*.

P. 59. Stanza 1. L. 4. "*put me to my jumps*"] *i. e.* to my shifts, or to my wits.

Ibid. "*retchles*"] Reckless, negligent.

P. 61. L. 3. "*lennow*"] Lean, thin. From the A. S. *lænig*, weak, lean. *Lenyie*, lean, occurs in Barbour.

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